

Department of Justice

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Authority: 6524 By:
Trainee Account Date:
09-24-2012

BUREAU

of

INVESTIGATION

Bureau File Number

See also Nos.

FBI - CENTRAL RECORDS CENTER

DN - DENVER

DN-0100-0163B: DN

Class / Case # Sub Vol. Serial #

0100 9344 - 9354 1 1 OPEN

4/09/304438



100-9344-1

100-9344-1

100-9344-1

9354

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, DENVER

DATE: 1/27/67

FROM: *eeLap* SAC, SAN FRANCISCO (100-56017)(P)

SUBJECT: HUNTER S. THOMPSON
SM - C

FOIA(b)7 - (D) on November 5, 1965, furnished information that a subscription to the People's World was maintained in the name of HUNTER THOMPSON, 318 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco. This subscription was a new yearly subscription that was due to expire on November 6, 1966.

FOIA(b)7 - (D) on December 12, 1966, furnished information that the yearly subscription which was due to expire on November 6, 1967, in the name of HUNTER THOMPSON was changed from 318 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco, to Woody Creek, Colorado. The 1964-65 San Francisco Polk's Directory listed HUNTER S. THOMPSON and SANDRA D. THOMPSON as residing at 318 Parnassus Avenue. The wife's name was set forth as SANDRA D. THOMPSON. A route postman which covers 318 Parnassus advised in December, 1965, that HUNTER THOMPSON and his wife have resided at that location for approximately 9 to 11 months. Further that THOMPSON is approximately 28 to 32 years of age and white. The postman advised that the mails gave no hint as to the occupation of THOMPSON, but that he did receive a lot of quality magazines and was receiving the People's World.

San Francisco Polk's Directory for 1966 listed HUNTER S. THOMPSON and wife SANDRA D. THOMPSON as residing at 318 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco. The Registry of Voters for the city and county of San Francisco contained no record that HUNTER THOMPSON had registered to vote. However, a Mrs. SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON of 230 Grattan Street, San Francisco, who formerly resided at 318 Parnassus Avenue, registered to vote in July, 1966. She registered her intent to affiliate in one of the major parties. She set forth her occupation as housewife, that she was born in New York and was 5'5".

② - Denver (RM)
2 - San Francisco
JD:vlh
(4)

100-9353-1

SEARCHED <i>by</i>	INDEXED <i>by</i>
SERIALIZED <i>by</i>	FILED <i>by</i>
FEB - 1 1967	
FBI - DENVER	

[Signature]

SF 100-56017

JD:vlh

FOIA(b)7 - (D)

San Francisco, California, advised on January 20, 1967, that HUNTER THOMPSON, 230 Grattan, changed his address, effective September 10, 1966, to Owl House, Woody Creek, Colorado.

The People's World is a West Coast newspaper published weekly in San Francisco.

LEAD:

DENVER

Quinn Co.
AT WOODY CREEK, COLORADO. Will attempt to verify the residence of HUNTER S. THOMPSON at the Owl House, Woody Creek, Colorado.

(Title) _____

(File No.)

100-9353-1A12

4-19-67, (1) Colo D/L Sandra Dawn Thompson

4-19-67, (2) D/L Photos Sandra Dawn Thompson

4-19-67, (3) COLO. D/L Hunter Stockton Thompson

4-19-67, (4) D/L Photos Hunter Stockton Thompson

2-3-71 105 1cc of copies wall poster #7

Disposition:

100-9353-1A12

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
APR 19 1967	
FBI — DENVER	

DMH/bl

File No. 100-9353-1A(1)

Date Received 4/6/67

From DMV

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(Signature)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Samsen

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

COCO D/L
SPUDRA DOWN THOMPSON

Photo

Fee Pd.

Examiner or Clerk

COLORADO

SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS

DRIVERS LICENSE

COUNTY PITKIN 57

OPERATOR

COUNTY

Y 282105

EXPIRES ON YOUR

1970

BIRTHDATE. RENEW WITHIN 90 DAYS PRIOR.

SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON

• GEN. DEL. ; OWL FARM

• WOODY CREEK, COLO. 81656

DATE OF ISSUE JAN. 18, 1967

F 5-11 1/2 BLOND HAZEL

SEX WEIGHT HEIGHT HAIR EYES

DATE OF BIRTH FEB. 5, 1938 PREVIOUS LICENSE CALIF.

CORRECTIVE LENS X SIGNAL LIGHTS

LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR AUTOMATIC TRANS.

OTHER RESTRICTIONS



RIGHT INDEX FINGER

MASTER FILES ORIGINAL

5. DO YOU HAVE HEART TROUBLE, EPILEPSY, DIABETES, PARALYSIS, SEIZURES, CONVULSIONS, LAPSES OF CONSCIOUSNESS OR ANY OTHER PHYSICAL HANDICAP OR DISABILITY?

YES ☐ NO ☒

I DO UNDERSTAND THAT ANY FALSE INFORMATION GIVEN ABOVE WOULD BE CAUSE FOR CANCELLATION OF THIS LICENSE.

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

FOR EXAMINERS USE ONLY

WRITTEN: SERIES 11900 GRADE 90 ROAD SIGNS PASSED 100

INST. PERMIT ☐NO DRIVE ☒DRIVE ☐

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS DATE:

Jan. 18, 1967

SIGNATURE OF EXAMINER

FOIA(b)(6)

FOIA(b)(7) - (C)

FOIA(b)(6)

FOIA(b)(7) - (C)

File No. 100-9353-1A⁽³⁾

Date Received 4/6/67

From DMV
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Samsen
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

D/L Photos
Sandra Dawn Thompson

COLORADO DRIVERS LICENSE		FOR REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS COUNTY: PITKIN 57		OPERATOR COUNTY: Y 282105	
SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON GEN. DEL. ; OIL FARM WOODY CREEK, COLO. 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE: JAN. 18, 1967					
F	5-10	BLOND	HAZEL	EXPIRE ON 1970	
DATE OF BIRTH: FEB. 5, 1938		PREVIOUS LICENSE: CALIF.			
CORRECTIVE LENS: X		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS.			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Sandra D. Thompson</i> DIRECTOR OF REVENUE					

COLORADO DRIVERS LICENSE		FOR REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS COUNTY: PITKIN 57		OPERATOR COUNTY: Y 282105	
SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON GEN. DEL. ; OIL FARM WOODY CREEK, COLO. 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE: JAN. 18, 1967					
F	5-10	BLOND	HAZEL	EXPIRE ON 1970	
DATE OF BIRTH: FEB. 5, 1938		PREVIOUS LICENSE: CALIF.			
CORRECTIVE LENS: X		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS.			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Sandra D. Thompson</i> DIRECTOR OF REVENUE					

FOIA(b)(6)
FOIA(b)(7) - (C)

COLORADO DRIVERS LICENSE		FOR REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS COUNTY: PITKIN 57		OPERATOR COUNTY: Y 282105	
SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON GEN. DEL. ; OIL FARM WOODY CREEK, COLO. 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE: JAN. 18, 1967					
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DATE OF BIRTH: FEB. 5, 1938		PREVIOUS LICENSE: CALIF.			
CORRECTIVE LENS: X		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS.			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Sandra D. Thompson</i> DIRECTOR OF REVENUE					

COLORADO DRIVERS LICENSE		FOR REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS COUNTY: PITKIN 57		OPERATOR COUNTY: Y 282105	
SANDRA DAWN THOMPSON GEN. DEL. ; OIL FARM WOODY CREEK, COLO. 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE: JAN. 18, 1967					
F	5-10	BLOND	HAZEL	EXPIRE ON 1970	
DATE OF BIRTH: FEB. 5, 1938		PREVIOUS LICENSE: CALIF.			
CORRECTIVE LENS: X		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS.			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Sandra D. Thompson</i> DIRECTOR OF REVENUE					

File No. 100-9353 - 1A ⁽³⁾Date Received 4/6/67From DMV
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Samsin
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

COLD 2/L
HUNTER SOUTHERN THOMPSON

GC Photo Fee Pd PS Examiner or Clerk

**COLORADO
DRIVERS LICENSE**

SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS

PITKIN 57

COUNTY

HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON
• OWL HOUSE GEN. DEL.
• WOODY CREEK COLO 81656

OPERATOR

X 332338

EXPIRES ON YOUR BIRTHDATE. RENEW **1969**

WITHIN 90 DAYS PRIOR

DATE OF ISSUE **OCT 19, 1966**

M	190	6-3	BRN	BRN
SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	HAIR	EYES

DATE OF BIRTH	PREVIOUS LICENSE
JULY 18, 1937	CALIF

CORRECTIVE LENS	SIGNAL LIGHTS
-----------------	---------------

LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR	AUTOMATIC TRANS.
-----------------------	------------------

OTHER RESTRICTIONS

x *Hunter S. Thompson*

ISSUED PURSUANT TO CHAPTER 13 C. R. S. 1967 AS AMENDED

DIRECTOR OF
REVENUE

MASTER FILES ORIGINAL

RIGHT
INDEX FINGER

5. DO YOU HAVE HEART TROUBLE, EPILEPSY, DIABETES,
PARALYSIS, SEIZURES, CONVULSIONS, LAPSES OF
CONSCIOUSNESS OR ANY OTHER PHYSICAL HANDICAP
OR DISABILITY? YES ☐ NO ☒

I DO UNDERSTAND THAT ANY FALSE INFORMATION GIVEN ABOVE
WOULD BE CAUSE FOR CANCELLATION OF THIS LICENSE.

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT *Hunter S. Thompson*

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

FOR EXAMINERS USE ONLY

WRITTEN: SERIES *New* GRADE *98* ROAD SIGNS PASSED ☐ ☐ ☐

VISION: WITHOUT CORRECTION: R.20/ *20* L.20/ *20* Both 20/ *20*

CORRECTIVE GLASSES: R.20/ ☐ L.20/ ☐ Both 20/ ☐

CONTACT LENS: R.20/ ☐ L.20/ ☐ Both 20/ ☐

COLOR BLIND: YES ☐ NO ☒ HEARING GOOD ☒ H OF H ☐ DEAF ☐

RESTRICTIONS AND REMARKS:

INST. PERMIT ☐

NO DRIVE ☒

DRIVE ☐

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS DATE *Oct 13 1966*

SIGNATURE OF EXAMINER *H. Sullivan*

File No. 100 - 9253 - 1A (4)

Date Received 4/6/67

From DMV
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Samsen
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)


To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No


Description:

2/c Photos
HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

COLORADO		SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS		OPERATOR	
RIVERS LICENSE		PITKIN 57		X 332338	
COUNTY				EXPIRY DATE 1969	
HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON				BIRTH DATE NEW PRIOR	
OWL HOUSE GEN. DEL.					
WOODY CREEK COLD 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE		OCT 19, 1966			
M	190	6-3	BRN	BRN	
SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	
DATE OF BIRTH		PREVIOUS LICENSE			
JULY 18, 1937		CALIF			
CORRECTIVE LENS		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Hunter S. Thompson</i>					
ISSUED PURSUANT TO CHAPTER 13 C. P. S. 1965 AS AMENDED					
DIRECTOR OF					



COLORADO		SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR CORRECTIONS		OPERATOR	
RIVERS LICENSE		PITKIN 57		X 332338	
COUNTY				EXPIRY DATE 1969	
HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON				BIRTH DATE NEW PRIOR	
OWL HOUSE GEN. DEL.					
WOODY CREEK COLD 81656					
DATE OF ISSUE		OCT 19, 1966			
M	190	6-3	BRN	BRN	
SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	
DATE OF BIRTH		PREVIOUS LICENSE			
JULY 18, 1937		CALIF			
CORRECTIVE LENS		SIGNAL LIGHTS			
LEFT SIDE R.V. MIRROR		AUTOMATIC TRANS			
OTHER RESTRICTIONS					
<i>Hunter S. Thompson</i>					
ISSUED PURSUANT TO CHAPTER 13 C. P. S. 1965 AS AMENDED					
DIRECTOR OF					



File No. 100-9353-115

Date Received 1-26-71

From Purchased from
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

Drug Store - Aspen
(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

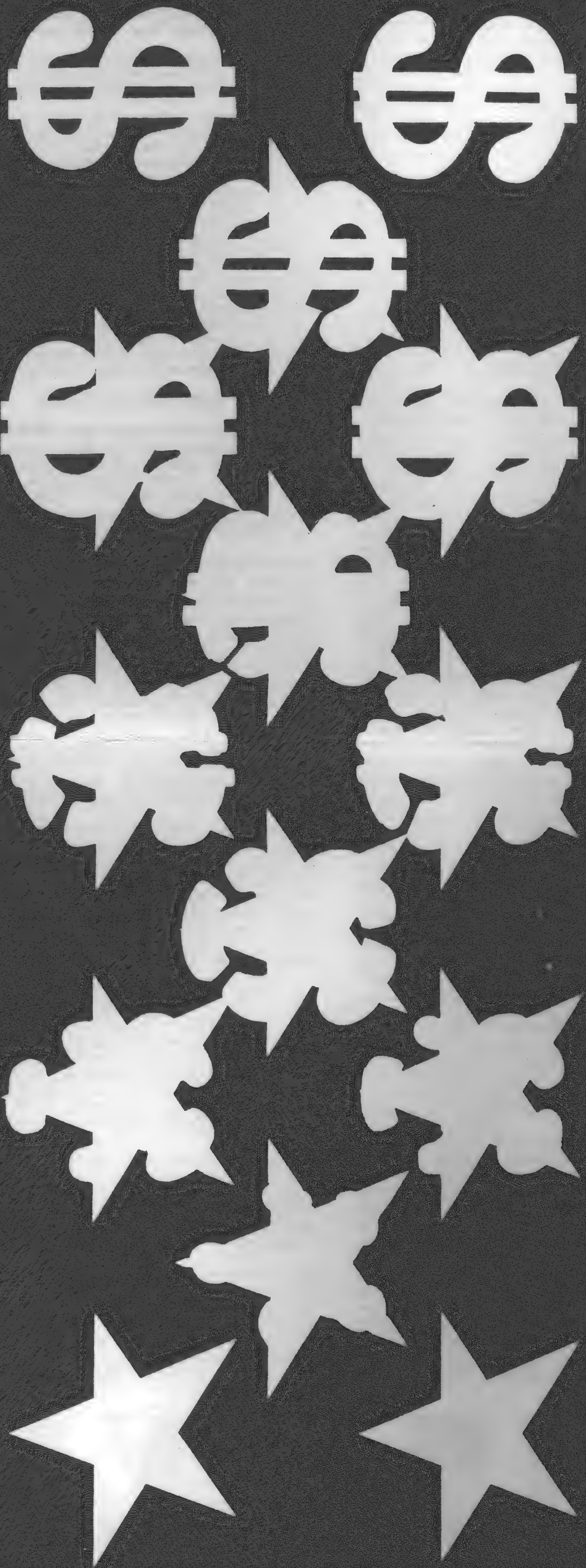
By J.R. Jones
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No

Description:

1 cc. Aspen Wall Poster
7.



**EAT CITY
USA**

TWB

Innkeepers Amok, To Is Aspen Doomed by S

"The Aspen Lodging Association voted Wednesday (1-6-71) to excommunicate members who hire or cater to 'undesirables' In other business, the Association voted to donate money for the defense of seven Aspenites charged with voter intimidation in the recent election. The seven (sic) had questioned the registration of young voters, many of them long-haired

"Another resolution adopted by the Association was as follows: 'Be it resolved that the City of Aspen is concerned with a national image problem, an image nationally publicized through magazines and other news media that a serious narcotics problem exists with little or no friction from local residents or law enforcement agencies

"The third resolution adopted (said): 'Be it resolved that the A.L.A. requests the City Council and the County Commissioners to strictly enforce all existing state and local health and housing laws; that new ordinances be passed immediately to protect the health and lives of the guests and residents in this area'

- Aspen Times, Jan 7, '71

Well here we go again: All the way back to that ill-fated summer of 1968 when ex-Magistrate Guido Meyer and ex-Police Chief Marion Scott decided to run all the "freaks" out of Aspen with Pig Power -- harsh harassment on the streets, constant busts and huge fines for things like flute-playing and "blocking the sidewalk along with wild courtroom tirades by Guido, delivered in his harsh German accent, about how "Dis is yus de beginnig...." and "Much vurs vill be comig soon!"

And Guido was right, in a sense; the worst was definitely yet to come -- but not for the freaks. When the main hammer came down, in September of that year, it came in the form of a Federal Court order from Judge Albert Ararj in Denver and when the dust from Joe Edwards' lawsuit finally cleared, Guido Meyer was no longer the City Magistrate, Marion Scott was no longer the Police Chief, Mayor Robert "Bugsy" Barnard had wisely decided not to run for re-election, and the entire City Council was following super-freak-hater Carl Bergman into voluntary retirement. (Bergman was completely unhinged, they say, by a charge in the now-defunct Illustrated News that he was "so crooked that he had to screw his pants on each morning before going to work.")

Bergman never denied this shocking charge -- but he did quit, and now he "runs" the 100 in a vastly-improved 97.6 wearing special asphalt pants designed by Fritz Stammberger.)

In any case, Aspen's first officially sanctioned Freak Purge was a political disaster: Not only for the men

who planned and executed it, but also for Aspen's precious 'national image' -- an image that was still golden that summer, still blue-chip and chic but which has now deteriorated so drastically that even a conservative, low-key group like the Aspen Lodging Association is desperate enough to demand that local authorities take emergency measures to "protect the health and lives of guests and residents in the area." Who could have guessed, two years ago -- when the worst local "police problem" was a dozen or so long-haired Vietnam vets perched harmlessly on Burt Bidwell's wall during lazy summer afternoons -- that by the winter of 1970 even the once-fat ski trade would be menaced by rampant disease and the spectre of violent death? On the streets? On the slopes? Who knows?

This was very heavy news -- especially when it came in the form of an official warning from the local Lodge Owners Association. It took tremendous professional courage and concern for the public welfare to issue a declaration so obviously contrary to their own financial interests because there is no way for this news to be anything but a terrible disaster for Aspen's winter tourist trade.

Indeed where will it end? What will they think on the Snowbird flights when some talkative stewardess repeats, for the eighty-eighth time, the awful news about Aspen? Death and Disease many tourists stricken, more threatened by the dread Aspen Clap, the incurable strain from Cambodia and junkies running wild in the hallways of Snowmass condominiums, kicking down doors, looting and raping freaks gone blind and crazy in the last stages of syphilis careening through intersections in junk cars full of stolen dynamite

What were the Lodge owners thinking about when they launched that fateful bombshell? What terrible truths and foul secrets did Georges Odier reveal to them in the course of his "Aspen Image" speech after lunch at that meeting? Odier, the well-paid director of the Aspen Chamber & Visitors Bureau, has abandoned the strict "non-political" role that came with his job title and now has jumped into local politics with both feet.

The switch came last autumn, when Odier and local Democratic chairman Ken Hubbard put their heads together and persuaded a rich, flakey local architect named Sam Caudill to run for County Commissioner. "Listen, Sam," they said, "You're the only man in these parts who can beat that evil bastard, Jay Baxter. That goddam silly freak Vare won't get any votes, and besides that he's a worse menace than Baxter. We're faced with two extremes here, Sam, and we need a big man to run right down the middle, where all the votes are."

Caudill hedged, lied, waffled, lied again, then finally agreed to run flat out with the Odier-Hubbard banner and a boob named "Spider" Spence as his "campaign manager." This decision led to one of the most humiliating defeats in the history of Aspen politics.

By midnight on election day Caudill had tallied the last of his 233 votes (against Baxter's 1372 and Vare's 1175), and was said to be howling for Odier's head to be brought to him on a stake.

What began as George Odier's first political brainstorm ended very badly, at the polls, when Sam Caudill got caught (along with Sheriff candidate Glen Ricks) in a cynical, last-minute double-cross that doomed both Caudill and Ricks to bad-joke, also-ran status in a crucial election that neither man understood until it was too late. By election day it was clear that both Ricks and Caudill had been duped -- by their own "friends" and advisors -- and while Ricks got off with simply making a fool of himself, Caudill slunk away with the foul distinction of having taken just enough votes away from Vare to guarantee Baxter's re-election. It was a victory for total corruption and a defeat for everything Sam Caudill claimed he stood for.

Georges Odier was not shaken, however. Unlike Sam Caudill -- or even Ken Hubbard -- Odier is back into local politics with the zeal of a true fool. No press coverage was allowed when he delivered his speech to that Lodge Owners bund on January 6, but the results of that meeting are absolutely clear -- and what they amount to is one of the ugliest, stupidest blunders in the history of the Public Relations trade.



David Hiser photo

WOULD YOU SELL PEYOTE TO THIS MAN?

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, defeated candidate for sheriff in the recent election, is shown here accepting a collect telephone call from Argentina in his Jerome Hotel headquarters two days before the deal went down. Dr. Thompson declined to comment on the nature of the call and later Mace a wire service reporter who attempted to check it out through the switchboard. In this -- the ill-tempered Freak Power candidate's official campaign photo -- he appears in full battle regalia: Gold-rimmed Greaser glasses, Magnesium police badge, 69th Infantry Division lapel flag, wireless wristband trans-ciever....and his silver Aztec "eternal life" pendant, a gift from Emiliano Zapata's grand-daughter, Jilly. Dr. Thompson, who carried three of the four city precincts, was massively rejected by voters in the populous down-county suburbs around Agnewville, Snowmass & the sprawling Gerbazdale trailer court. In his final, election-night speech for the national press and TV, the candidate lost control of himself and had to be restrained: "This is my last press conference!" he shouted. "You won't have Hunter Thompson to kick around anymore, you pigfuckers!" He then rushed out of the room to confer with his personal Swami, who later told reporters that Dr. Thompson had decided to "depart this country in the spring" and take up permanent residence at a luxurious Ashram on the Bay of Bengal.

SCUMSUCKER OF THE WEEK: REALTOR NORM JOFFEE -- for sending his son out on the streets with a sandwich-board sign saying: "Buy a piece of ASpen. -- see Norm Joffee or phone 925-2214."

RUDE ART FOR SALE

In the wake of our recent national-advertising campaign (See Rolling Stone, Scanlans, Esquire, Harpers, New York etc.) the WALLPOSTER has been swamped with orders for back issues and poster-art from the recent political campaign. The deluge of orders depleted our stock of back issues almost instantly and sent us back to the printer with Reprint-Orders for all previous issues. These will be available just as soon as Fritz & Jeff, our weird printers, can pull themselves together long enough to roll the presses.

The poster operation is entirely in the hands of the Rev. Benton, who achieved sudden coast-to-coast fame on the basis of his Nixon-portrait for the Wallposter ad in the January issue of Scanlans. After a brief hassle with the FBI, Benton was offered a \$100,000 a year post as Art Director for the Democratic National Committee. As this issue goes to press he has just returned from a series of meetings in Washington D.C. and is now back at work, full-time, on the back-log of orders for his original silk-screen political posters.

What this means, in a nut, is that all orders will be filled in a matter of weeks. Meanwhile, here is the stock-status and production schedule for all items in demand: (with current prices)

..All silk-screen posters, Vare, Noonan, Cyclops Owl, Thompson Star and Peyote Fist.... \$5 each, plus \$1 for mailing tube and postage.
..Complete set of Wallposter back issues ... No. 1 thru 5 \$7 (includes tube and postage). No 1 thru 8 \$10.
..Individual back and current issues are available at benton's Studio in Aspen for \$1.00 each.

"The Jackson week that the ne voted unanimously the club's first influenced by Le and instructor at members during h Southerners plan from the Aspen T

This news hit Chamber of Com chain-eateries will on February 1. Ki and a spokesman radio stations to String Band would another month. would probably door during Febr Clark explained, But if there's one There's twenty-ni that rack by the using them on t night there was a free drink beca Kentucky Colon "Hey Mushm serve niggers in Simon jumped double-handed k one of those at half.

"So just ab running out of hell." That was husband you j course, but he him in the chee at his face....an lady. I'm sorry Bull Connor."

And man, t communists! queers!.. Then good Scotch of So Simon had old man. Jesus, they were bo transplants."

Violence on restaurants, an welcome. Espe this wretched, serve anybody, matter of fact Master Race S Day. Luckily, and watermel they're just ab at this new-sty bring the godd we have a ne logging chains, it, myself, bu macrobiotic di

THE

As usual, v subscribers! V campaign issu Six. But the o to be absolute everywhere el haggling with Secaucus and arranged a co This desperat

ok, Tourists Menaced: d by Strange Disease?

we find out who stole them, the swine will wish he'd been born stone black in South Africa. The fact that we lost the election by an approximately 55/45 split doesn't mean that Freak Power is finished in Aspen and it doesn't mean, either, that the local "freak" community has to tolerate an influx of long-haired Judas goats....

TREACHEROUS DRUG DEALERS

To that end, and with the idea of performing a service to the whole community, the *Wallposter* will henceforth publish the names of any and all persons who attempt to make money in Aspen by means of dishonest drug dealings. This is a crude variation on the idea of a "Drug Complaint Bureau" that Dr. Thompson planned to set up if he'd been elected sheriff. The idea, in a nut, is that any community in which drugs are a major factor in the collective lifestyle should at least have the means to make certain that the local drug market is honest.

The best way to do this, we feel, is to guarantee disastrous public exposure for any and all dealer/greedheads who misrepresent their products in any way, and especially for reasons of money/profit. No names will be printed under this heading without substantial evidence of conscious and unrepentant treachery.... and anyone scheduled for exposure will be given the opportunity to redeem his foul wares at cost, before he goes on the list. The editors of the *Wallposter* will carefully investigate all complaints against any person accused of selling drugs dishonestly.... but if we find the complaint(s) to be justified, the offender's name will be published.

The point, after all, is not to hassle careless drug-sellers, but to expose the handful of rotten bastards who sell things like Grass full of oregano & alfalfa, "organic mesquite" cut with nutmeg, "Acid" laced with speed, arsenic and strychnine, or "Hash" powdered Bennies and molasses. Any question of "illegality" in these sales is completely beside our point. That is a problem for the local law enforcement officials to grapple with — in their own special style & with their own atavistic finesses. Our concern is entirely beyond the clumsy, archaic laws that pretend to relate to the local drug culture. We will focus only on complaints involving proven Consumer Fraud. Here, then, is the first and only name on "the list:"

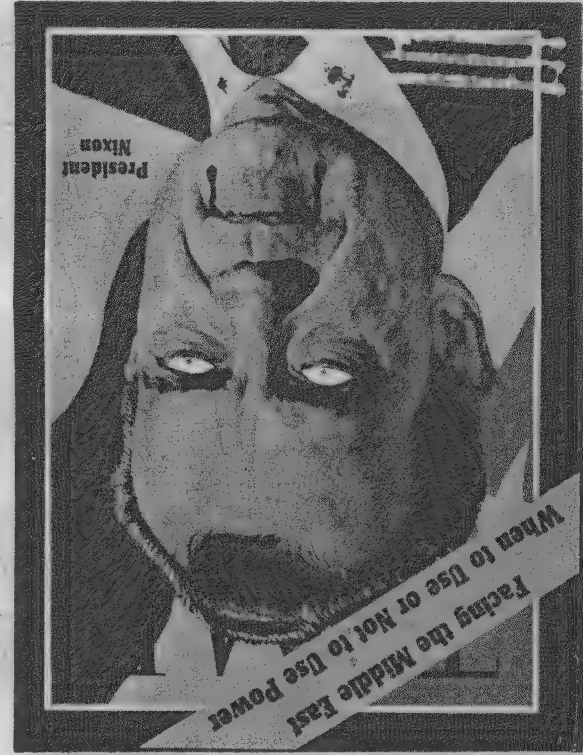
1) EDSON T. HARRIS III, known as "SHEP," (a seller of extremely rotten "mesquite".... Probably a combination of nutmeg and rat poison.... claims to be an ignorant middleman & the innocent victim of a dishonest "heavy wholesaler".... which hardly matters: Shep's bogus "organic mesquite" made a lot of people very sick, got even slightly high. Avoid any dealings with this person; he sells a bad product & refuses to talk about refunds.)

THE ASPEN WALLPOSTER
No. 7
January, 1971
© January, 1971
Meat Possum Press Ltd.
Cover Art by Tom Benton
The *Wallposter* is a bi-monthly publication of the Meat Possum Press, Inc. Box K-3, Aspen, Colo. 81611. No part of this edition or any other may be reproduced in any form without written permission or reason at all.

Chairman Emeritus... John T. Tracy
Executive Editor... Lionel Olaj
Editors... Tom Benton, Hunter Thompson
General Manager... Gene Johnston

the initial 10,000 issue press run, but also for hundreds of long-distance phone calls and two months of heavy travel expenses for the editors. Then, when the bastard was finally printed, the whole press run was seized by hired thugs who claimed to be agents of the Royal Canadian Mounted. They also claimed to represent the FBI — in some hazy, ex-officio capacity — but in any case all six were well-armed, and we offered no resistance when they heisted the whole bundle off the loading dock at the printing plant in Montreal. A week or so later, after filing a lawsuit and three criminal complaints against the Trudeau combine, we were told that the seizure had in fact been the work of "free-lance" FBI agents, hired by Bebe Rebozo — Richard Nixon's good friend and long-time houseboat partner.

At that point we abandoned all hope.... and moved our star-crossed printing operation back to Aspen. Thus, the Peyote-First issue became No. 5.... and the doomed Nixon-portrait and pre-campaign analysis



issue was slugged into history as "Lost Cause No. 6." The cover portrait eventually appeared as a *Wallposter* advertisement in the Fall, 1970 issue of *Scanlan's* magazine, which was also seized by the Mounties.

So now, in the wake of all that 1984-style fascist madness, we are back to the presses again with *Wallposter* No. 7 — for good or ill — and at this stage of the production process (prior to printing and distribution) we have no way of knowing what might happen to this issue between press time and its public debut. The hazard-potential is a broad & schizoid spectrum involving both friend and foe.... and if this sounds a bit weird and/or paranoid, consider that No. 3 (the sheep photo-cover) was stolen out of virtually all of our 500-copy campaign-reprint of WP Vane/Thompson campaign headquarters by somebody with friendly access to the place.

In other words, we were ripped off by somebody who pretended to be working either for or with us. Which was not particularly surprising: The rip-off even in the midst of a campaign based entirely on personal honesty and mutual trust, there was at least one sneaky shithole in our midst — some thieving asshole whose only real interest in the campaign was a loot & salvage gig.

With friends like that, we didn't need enemies.... clearly, in this context — that the *Wallposter* offers no reward whatsoever for information leading to the recovery of the 500 stolen sheep-posters. But when

"The Jackson Mississippi Daily News reported last week that the newly organized Mississippi Ski Club voted unanimously that Aspen should be the site of the club's first trip. The club's decision was strongly influenced by Lefty Brinkman, Aspen lodge owner and instructor at Aspen Highlands, who visited with members during his annual fall promotional tour. The Southerners plan to come to Aspen in February." — from the *Aspen Times*, 12/17/70

This news hit the town like a dung-slide. The New Chamber of Commerce announced that fourteen local chain-eateries will begin serving fatback and hen's legs on February 1. King George began laying in pig's feet, and a spokesman for the *Holiday Inn* called both radio stations to announce that the New Al Johnson String Band would stay on, in the lounge, for at least another month. Phil Clark said the Starboard Tack would probably hire Huey Newton to handle the door during February. "I don't mind bigots, myself," Clark explained, "and I'll even eat Tupelo land crabs. But if there's one thing I won't tolerate, it's violence. There's twenty-nine hickory axe-handles over there in that rack by the kitchen door, and we don't mind using them on troublemakers. Hell, just the other night there was some racist pig at the bar wanting a free drink because he said he was a goddamned Kentucky Colonel."

"Hey Mushmouth!" I yelled. "Get lost! We don't serve niggers in here...." But before he could move Simon jumped out of the wine-closet and laid a double-handed kidney shot on him from behind with one of those axe-handles — just about tore him in half.

"So just about then here comes this old hag running out of the ladies-room, screaming to beat hell. "That was no Nigger!" she yelled. "That was my husband you just killed!" The guy was alive, of course, but he looked dead, so Simon kind of nudged him in the cheek with his boot so he had a good look at his face.... and then he said, "Jesus, you're right, lady. I'm sorry as hell about this. I thought it was Bull Connor."

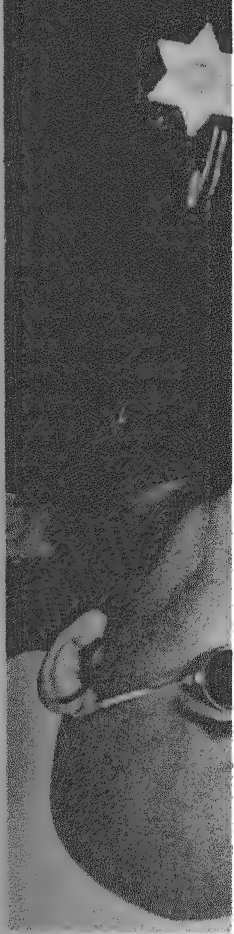
And man, that really flipped her! "You dirty communists!" she screams. "You lousy white trash queers!.. Then the crazy old bag grabs a bottle of good Scotch off the bar and tried to bash me with it. So Simon had to drop her, too. Right on top of her old man. Jesus, what a scene. The last thing I heard, they were both up at the hospital for kidney transplants."

Violence on this level is not common in local restaurants, and in most places Southerners are still welcome. Especially right now, in the doldrums of this wretched, down-dollar snow season. "Shit, we'll serve anybody," said Pub/Meister Bill Keating. "As a matter of fact we're thinking of offering a special Master Race Ski Breakfast, starting on Groundhog Day. Luckily, we've been saving our coffee grounds and watermelon rinds since last summer, and now they're just about ripe.... Hell yes, we welcome a shot at this new-style Mississippi trade; and if they want to bring the goddam Governor.... and some Judges.... we have a new legal menu that won't quit: Old logging chains, deep-fried in possum fat. I never tried it, myself, but that's only because I'm on this macrobiotic diet...."

THE RAPE OF NUMBER SIX

As usual, we owe an apology to our many loyal subscribers! *Wallposter* No. 5 — the Peyote-First Six. But the original No. 5 (see cover, above) proved to be absolutely unprintable — not only in Aspen, but everywhere else in this country. After two months of haggling with printers in Boulder, San Francisco, Secaucus and the Antelope Valley, we finally arranged a contract with a printing firm in Montreal. This desperate move cost us massively — not only for

David Hiser photo
TE TO THIS MAN?
eated candidate for
shown here accepting
gentina in his Jerome
efore the deal went
to comment on the
laced a wife service
k it out through the
mpered Freak Power
ed Greaser glasses,
funtasy Division lapel
ver....and his silver
Dr. Thompson, who
ulous down-county
Snowmass & the
out. In his final
onal press and TV,
self and had to be
er Thompson to kick
s." He then rushed
his personal Swam,
Dr. Thompson had
streets with a sand-
ALTON NORM JOFFEE
of Aspen. — see



SAC, SAN FRANCISCO (100-56017)

3/30/67

SAC, DENVER (100-9353) (P)

HUNTER S. THOMPSON
SM - C

Re San Francisco letter to Denver dated 1/27/67.

For information San Francisco, Denver indices negative regarding subject.

The following investigation was conducted by SA VINCENT R. JONES:

On 3/16/67 Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] (protect identity), [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] and store operator at Woody Creek, Colorado, advised that HUNTER S. THOMPSON, with wife SANDRA, and son, presently are renting a house on a ranch located about five miles east of Woody Creek.

Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] advised that THOMPSON and his wife had mentioned to her that THOMPSON had lived with the Hell's Angels for one and a half years and had then written a book about them. They indicated that he recently appeared on national TV programs, the "Today" show and "I've Got a Secret".

Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] stated she understood that THOMPSON and his wife are going to have to give up their rental house soon and will be moving. She stated she did not know where they would be moving to.

Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] stated that Mr. THOMPSON mentioned that in the past he had lived in South America as a roving reporter.

Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] advised that two or three days earlier, Mr. THOMPSON had gotten home from a trip and indicated that he had been to Canada, where he had appeared on a TV program.

Mrs. [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] advised that the THOMPSONs previously lived in the area for about one year, ending around January, 1965, and that they recently returned to the Woody Creek area.

2- San Francisco (RM)
3- Denver
VRJ:mdd
(5)

mdd

Serialized *on*

Indexed

Filed

C. Jones

100-9353-2

DN 100-9353

Mrs. FOIA(b)7 - (D) stated that she has observed some very obscene publications come through the mail to THOMPSON from unknown publishing company in New York.

LEADS:

DENVER DIVISION

AT WOODY CREEK, COLORADO - *2 files*

Will recontact the FOIA(b)7 - (D) and determine when subject THOMPSON and his wife move, and to what location.

AT DENVER, COLORADO - *1 file*

Will check the records of the State Driver's License and Motor Vehicle Registration Offices relative to subject HUSTER S. THOMPSON and his wife SANDRA D. THOMPSON.

Attempt to obtain photographs of each of them and in the event operator's licenses located, secure a photocopy of the application bearing a fingerprint, so that this may be submitted to the Identification Division in an effort to check for an Identification Record.

Will check with informants in the Denver Division to determine whether subject is known to them.

Optional Form No. 10

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
M E M O R A N D U M

TO: SAC, SAN FRANCISCO

FROM: SA EDWARD J. O'FLYNN

DATE: 7 APR 1967

SUBJECT: "PEOPLE'S WORLD" SUBSCRIBERS"
IS - C

HUNTER THOMPSON

WOODY CREEK CO 81656

11 6 67 Y-

CANCELLED SUBSCRIPTION

FOIA(b)7 - (D)

on 6 APR 1967 furnished SA EDWARD J. O'FLYNN the information that the above subscription to the "People's World" (PW) has been cancelled. No further record of this information is being retained in the informant's file or other files of the San Francisco Office.

The PW is a West Coast communist newspaper published weekly in San Francisco.

FOIA(b)7 - (D)

, who has furnished reliable information in the past, is in a position to furnish up-to-date information on the subscription list of the PW. Any disclosure of the fact that current subscription information is available to the FBI would immediately identify the informant as its source. Therefore, it is requested that current interviews and investigation of subjects be handled circumspectly in this regard.

FOIA(b)7 - (D)

advised that the subscription code below the mailing address has the following significance: The date indicated is the expiration date. A "Y" behind this date indicates a yearly subscription, and a "6" indicates a six-month subscription. The "WE" indicates a weekend subscription, which applies in all cases now that the paper is only published weekly. A "C" designates charter subscribers; a "LTS" indicates life-time subscription, and an "N" indicates a new subscriber. A "CO" means that the subscription is complimentary.

EJO:rap
(500)

cc 102-3476

100-932-3-3

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
APR 10 1967	
FBI - DENVER	

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, DENVER (100-9353)

DATE: April 19, 1967

FROM : SA ELMER A. SAMSON

SUBJECT: HUNTER S. THOMPSON
SM - C

IC DONALD L. RAY, on April 6, 1967, obtained driver's license photographs and Xerox copies of driver's license information on subject and his wife which have been placed in the 1-A section of the file. HUNTER S. THOMPSON had a clear driving record, however, his wife SANDRA D. THOMPSON, had an accident January 13, 1963.

THOMPSON has registered to him a 1957 two-door sedan, which had 1966 Colorado License ZG 3028. This license was issued to THOMPSON at the following address.

Owl House
Woody Creek, Colorado

FOIA(b)7 - (D) were contacted by SA ELMER A. SAMSON and SA JOSEPH C. LEARNED and these informants had no information concerning subject or his wife.

Subject is apparently identical with the author of the current best seller "Hell's Angels," published by Random House.

1 - Denver
EAS:grh *grh*

100-9353-4

SEARCHED <i>me</i>	INDEXED <i>me</i>
SERIALIZED <i>me</i>	FILED <i>me</i>
APR 19 1967	
FBI - DENVER	
<i>V. JONES</i>	<i>Vg</i>



5010-108-01

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

SAC, SAN FRANCISCO (100-56017)

5/24/67

SAC, DENVER (100-9353) (RUC)

"CHANGED" INTEROFFICE"
HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON
SM - C

The title has been marked changed to show the subject's middle name as HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON.

Re San Francisco letter to Denver dated 1/22/67 and Denver letter to San Francisco dated 3/30/67.

Enclosed herewith for the San Francisco Division is one Colorado Driver's License photograph of the subject.

On 4/6/67, Investigative Clerk DONALD L. RAY obtained driver's license photographs of THOMPSON and his wife, SANDRA D. THOMPSON.

THOMPSON had registered to him a 1957 two-door sedan, which was bearing 1966 Colorado License ZG 3028. His address listed on the Motor Vehicle Registration Records was Owl House, Woody Creek, Colorado.

[FOIA(b)7 - (D)] were contacted by SA ELMER A. SAMSON and SA JOSEPH C. LEARNED and those informants had no information concerning the subject or his wife.

On 5/5/67, [FOIA(b)7 - (D)], Woody Creek, Colorado, advised SA VINCENT R. JONES that HUNTER S. THOMPSON and his wife are still living at Woody Creek, Colorado, and it now appears they will retain their same address but will move to a house belonging to ROBERT CRAIG, which house is on Woody Creek. CRAIG now lives at Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs [FOIA(b)7 - (D)] had no further pertinent information on this matter.

2 - San Francisco (Enclosure 1) (Registered Airmail)

1 - Denver

VRJ:ilo (3)

100-9353-5

Searched _____
Serialized _____
Indexed _____
Filed _____

DN 100-9353

ADMINISTRATIVE:

It would appear subject is identical with the author of a current best seller "Hell's Angels," published by Random House.

On the basis of the information known to date, it would not appear that further investigation in this matter is necessary. Denver considers the matter RUC.

Routing Slip
0-7 (Rev. 9-5-69)

(Copies to Offices Checked)

TO: SAC,

☐ Albany
☐ Albuquerque
☐ Alexandria
☐ Anchorage
☐ Atlanta
☐ Baltimore
☐ Birmingham
☐ Boston
☐ Buffalo
☐ Butte
☐ Charlotte
☐ Chicago
☐ Cincinnati
☐ Cleveland
☐ Columbia
☐ Dallas
☒ Denver
☐ Detroit
☐ El Paso
☐ Honolulu

☐ Houston
☐ Indianapolis
☐ Jackson
☐ Jacksonville
☐ Kansas City
☐ Knoxville
☐ Las Vegas
☐ Little Rock
☐ Los Angeles
☐ Louisville
☐ Memphis
☐ Miami
☐ Milwaukee
☐ Minneapolis
☐ Mobile
☐ Newark
☐ New Haven
☐ New Orleans
☐ New York City

☐ Norfolk
☐ Oklahoma City
☐ Omaha
☐ Philadelphia
☐ Phoenix
☐ Pittsburgh
☐ Portland
☐ Richmond
☐ Sacramento
☐ St. Louis
☐ Salt Lake City
☐ San Antonio
☐ San Diego
☐ San Francisco
☐ San Juan
☐ Savannah
☐ Seattle
☐ Springfield

☐ Tampa
☐ Washington Field
☐ Quantico

TO LEGAT:

☐ Bern
☐ Bonn
☐ Buenos Aires
☐ Hong Kong
☐ London
☐ Madrid
☐ Mexico, D.F.
☐ Ottawa
☐ Paris
☐ Rome
☐ Tokyo

Date 1/15/71

RE:

Attached

100-9353-6

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 18 1971	
FBI - DENVER	

☒ For information ☐ Retention optional ☐ For appropriate action

☐ The enclosed is for your information. If used in a future report,
☐ conceal all sources, ☐ paraphrase contents.

☐ Enclosed are corrected pages from report of SA _____
dated _____

Remarks:

*Several newsclippings from
Washington Post (Sunday, 10/18/70) sent
on 10/23/70
w/office via 0-7, w/request to open
security investigation (if warranted) &
to submit in form suitable
for dissemination.*

Enc.

Bufile ~~_____~~

Urfile _____

V. JONES VJ

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, Denver (Your file 100-9353) DATE: 1/8/71

FROM : Director, FBI (Bufile and Serial _____)

Room No. 432-D

SUBJECT: Harold Thompson
800-135

Reference Bureau R/S 10/29/70 and 1/15/71.

- ☐ 1. Bufiles indicate this case is delinquent. Give specific reason for delinquency.
R/S 10/29/70 sent to Denver for information with Wash.
Post Clippings. Investigation concerning Thompson not
warranted but case being reopened and LHM will be submitted.

- ☒ 2. DATE ☐ airtel ☐ letterhead memo ☐ submitted
☐ report ☐ letter ☐ 90-day progress letter ☒ will be submitted 2/4/71

Reporting employee _____

- ☐ 3. If valid reason exists for not submitting report at this time, state reason specifically and when report will be submitted _____

- ☐ 4. Status of ☐ Appeal ☐ Inquiry ☒ Investigation
☐ airtel ☐ letterhead memo
☐ 5. Submit ☐ report ☐ letter ☐ 90-day progress letter by _____

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 19 1971	
FBI - DENVER	
(Date)	

(Place reply hereon and return to Bureau. Note receipt and acknowledgment on top serial in case file.)

GPO 887-242

100-9353 - 7

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 19 1971	
FBI - DENVER	

V. Jones

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC DENVER (62-0)

DATE: 6-23-70

FROM : SA VINCENT R. JONES

SUBJECT: ASPEN WALL POSTER:
New JOHN T. TRACY, LIONEL OLAY,
TOM BENTON, HUNTER THOMPSON,
GENE JOHNSON, JOHN G. CLANCY,
BOB KRUEGER
MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION CONCERNING

Attached is Aspen Wall Poster #4, which is a publication being printed at Aspen, Colo.

In view of the comments regarding law enforcement and the Director, I thought would be a good idea to submit a copy and to index the names of person connected with the publication.

HUNTER THOMPSON was a member of the Calif. motorcycle gang and wrote a book about it. He apparently plans to run on the independent ticket for sheriff at Aspen.

Under the black ink near the top on the front page, in red ink, are words which appear to be "Impeach Nixon", only they use a awastika in place of the "x". (It is necessary to hold the paper up to a strong light to read this.)

VRJ

100-9353-8

62-0573836

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
JUN 24 1970	
FBI - DENVER	



Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

aspen wall poster

4



THE AMERICAN DREAM



Aspen, Summer of Hate, 1970

... Will the Sheriff be Killed?

O Death . . . where was thy sting?

Where indeed? They are trying to kill the sheriff again. Just like they tried to kill him last summer. And the summer before that. They never rest, God damn them. After three years of bungled plots to kill Whitmire, the bastards are upping the ante. Now they want Jay Baxter, too . . . and eight others. The Sheriff has the list. Or at least he had it, he says, until some two-legged weasel broke into the jail again — eluding the two new jailers — and stole Whitmire's only copy of the Death List. Guido was on it, they say, but when he heard the news that quick-witted Swiss locked himself in his kitchen with a month's supply of films from the John Birch Society; and he stayed there until after the Memorial Day weekend, when the killings were scheduled to happen.

The plot, according to Whitmire, was for a full-scale invasion of the town: Several thousand drug-crazed motorcycle thugs, led by the Hells Angels, would make a twin-pincer frontal assault on the Courthouse and City Hall . . . while, at the same moment, the town would be blasted and terrorized by a series of dynamite explosions set off by well-trained teams of Black Panthers and Weathermen. Then, while the police were fighting for their lives in a fog of smoke and burning rubble, assassins would roam through the town and search out their victims — killing them one by one.

Or this, at least, was the battle-plan sketched out on the thousands of handbills they circulated all winter in the scummy taverns of Cicero, East Oakland and Newark. The word was out, and the strike was set, as usual, for the end of the fiscal year — when Sheriffs all over the country would be cramming everything possible into their budget requests for 1971. And Whitmire's situation was particularly tense: With his salary just recently doubled and a huge new budget to promote — in an election year — for both Whitmire and Baxter.

So it seemed only reasonable that this year's plot should call for a blood-bath of really lunatic dimensions, a total purge of the town's political hierarchy — and especially those few coming up for reelection. In the rude and cynical lexicon of career politicians, this kind of strategy is called "Sucking for the Sympathy Vote." The idea is to create a dark and terrifying "non-political" problem for yourself, then use the problem to generate enough publicity to get the voters emotionally involved in your public suffering. A low key version of the same tactic is to get your wife pregnant nine months before election day.

The Whitmire/Baxter twist — promoting the notion that you're about to be killed by maniacs because you've done such a good job — is no longer considered entirely stylish in most parts of the country, particularly in urban areas where the voters are too politically sophisticated to fall for that kind of hokum. But the Aspen electorate is still relatively innocent when it comes to tactical politics, and some people apparently think the old "High Noon" hype might still be effective here. And maybe they're right. But it seems a trifle heavy, in 1970, to walk around telling people that your foes are so vicious and determined that they

covered by crudely-smeared Black Hand symbols. (And while we're into this twisted context, it's worth noting that one of the rumors about "Who bombed the Windmill?" says the whole thing was set up by the Sheriff's office — to "stir up the Silent Majority." No doubt this is just another ugly rumor, no worse than some of the others and surely no uglier than the one about the Wallposter hiring ex-frogmen to do the job and paying them off with Jimson Weed.) But what the hell? We expected to be blamed. But the wretched truth of the matter is that we were all far out of our heads on Romilar when the deed was done . . . but our own suspicions center on the local architect known for that subdivision (which included 80 windmills — one on top of each house) were never paid for.

But crime-detection is not our thing — at least not for now — and at the moment we're far more concerned with these plots to kill the Sheriff. Now, with the climax approaching, it has come to the point where no citizen can really feel safe; you never know when you might be caught in some deadly crossfire and gunned down like a dog on any downtown street-corner. These thugs who are tracking the Sheriff might provoke him into a firefight at any moment. Human life is becoming very cheap in this town. The Sheriff has made so many enemies during his three years in office that on any given day there are at least 100 people walking idly around the midtown area with only one thought in their minds — to finish him off. Who are they?

The Foul History

In the summer of 1968 it was the Mafia. After making several minor marijuana arrests that year, Whitmire "got word" that The Mob was sending goons out to croak him. He went to Buggy — then the Mayor — and asked him to advance a Leave of Absence to avoid the hit. Buggy laughed, and Whitmire went back to arresting teen-agers. The Sheriff's office was tense as a rat's neck that summer, but their constant alertness paid off. The town swarmed with Mafia killers, but Whitmire went underground — donning many disguises and spending much of his time on R&R tours in Redstone at the far end of the county.

By these devious means he managed to save his skin, but those who claim to know say he also lost control of the Sheriff's office to a deputy named Glenn Ricks — who learned the job so well that he now plans to run against Whitmire for the Big Apple this coming November. There is something in the nature and structure of Police Work that engenders a very heavy "Sammy Glick Syndrome" in all but congenial waterheads . . . and even in some of those.

As a sheriff's deputy four years ago Whitmire was plotting to unseat his boss, then-Sheriff Lorraine Herwick, a gentle and straightforward man who had never been stung by the power-bee of corporate ambition-politics — and who lost his job because of it. Herwick saw his role as one of maintaining the civic peace, rather than terrifying the citizenry, and when Whitmire challenged his leadership by hinting at all the

Since their retirement from public life, both Wendt and Pabst have mellowed noticeably. No more witch-hunts, dope-crusades and Grand Juries ripping the town apart. Wendt is now putting his DA experience to good use as a defense counsel, and Shorby has turned his talents toward saving the Valley from total destruction by land-rapers.

The retirement of these two worthies left poor Whitmire out on a limb. His election-year "crime wave" began to look a little silly without a DA and a Publisher to keep it going. And, unlike J. Edgar Hoover, the Sheriff was never able to convince his public that he was all that stood between them and total destruction by The Forces of Darkness. "The Rising Tide," as it were — some awful legion of Dope-Crazed Reds and Child-Rapers, massed just south of Basalt and ever-pressing on the barriers, ready to sweep up the Valley and finish off the town at any moment.

Buggy understood the political root of Whitmire's paranoid frenzies. Like Hoover, the Sheriff needed public action — and all the publicity he could get — to keep himself famous, a savior and a hero, to upgrade his budget and get himself re-elected. Hoover has played that game with the FBI for more than 30 years now, and every cop in the country understands it. Each year, without fail, Hoover goes before Congress and tells how the Crime Rate has soared, once again, to new and terrifying heights. And each year, without fail, the Congress gives him more money.

No football coach or business executive would last five years with a record of unbroken failure like Hoover's . . . but The Director makes a point of knowing the men he's dealing with. Every Congressman has a "confidential file" in FBI headquarters. They know it's there, but they don't know what it contains. They can only guess — and for most, just guessing is bad enough.

For instance one of the more reliable private rumors around Washington these days says the FBI's file-version of Ted Kennedy's nightmare at Chappaquiddick alleges that Kennedy was sneaking off to the beach that night with Rosemary Keough, — and that Mary Jo Kopechne had passed out in the back seat of Kennedy's car a bit earlier, and was still sleeping there when the Senator and Miss Keough — not knowing they had a passenger — went off the bridge. Both Teddy and Rosemary escaped and swam to shore, so the story goes, and even when they got back to the cottage and found Mary Jo missing they weren't sure where she was until the next morning when local police recovered a body from the car.

This version of Kennedy's story has never been print — as far as we know — and if the Wallposter is seized and destroyed within hours after we hit the streets with issue No. 4 — well, our only excuse is that we were trying to pass on the only extant version of that incident that makes logistic sense. It's also the only version we have from a source with personal access (in Washington and Boston) to the Kennedy clan and their reactions to the story as it was actually breaking. Selah.

The Sheriff & Party Politics

Which brings us back to Aspen, and the menace that still haunts Whitmire.

course of making his pitch for their support — he let slip a few hints of the bombings, killings and pitched mob-battles he expected to have to cope with on Memorial Day weekend.

Reports from those in attendance say the delegates heard him out with a mixture of sorrow and amusement, then quickly formed a committee to keep him under control. "I've never heard such incredible bullshit," said one of the delegates. "He told us how he had all this secret information, from printed handbills, that Aspen was going to be destroyed by dynamite bombs on Memorial Day, and that he'd seen a kill-list with ten names on it."

The caucus was appalled. And even Dr. Comcowitch — Aspen's answer to George Wallace — was alarmed at Whitmire's talk of "calling up the posse" zipping up the town with gangs of armed volunteers. "Vigilantes," in a word — although the Sheriff never quite got around to saying it quite that way — but he made vague references to "offers of help" from the Firemen and the local Contractors' Association. The delegates were shocked that a man — the County's chief law enforcement officer, in fact — would have the gall or the simple stupidity to walk into their midst and lay that kind of crazed talk on them, while at the same time expecting their organized support for reelection.

Whitmire's prospects are not bright. He will face the winner of the GOP primary — either Ricks or ex-Aspen Police Chief, Marion Scott. (And perhaps a third, Independent, candidate.) So, from now until November, the Sheriff will be a tense and pressured man. He doesn't have much going for him — not even the firm support of his own party. If the summer developed into a nightmare of violence and constant crisis, the sheriff would play a very prominent role.

With his job on the line and his public image sagging, a crisis atmosphere might be just the gimmick he needs to get back in the limelight.

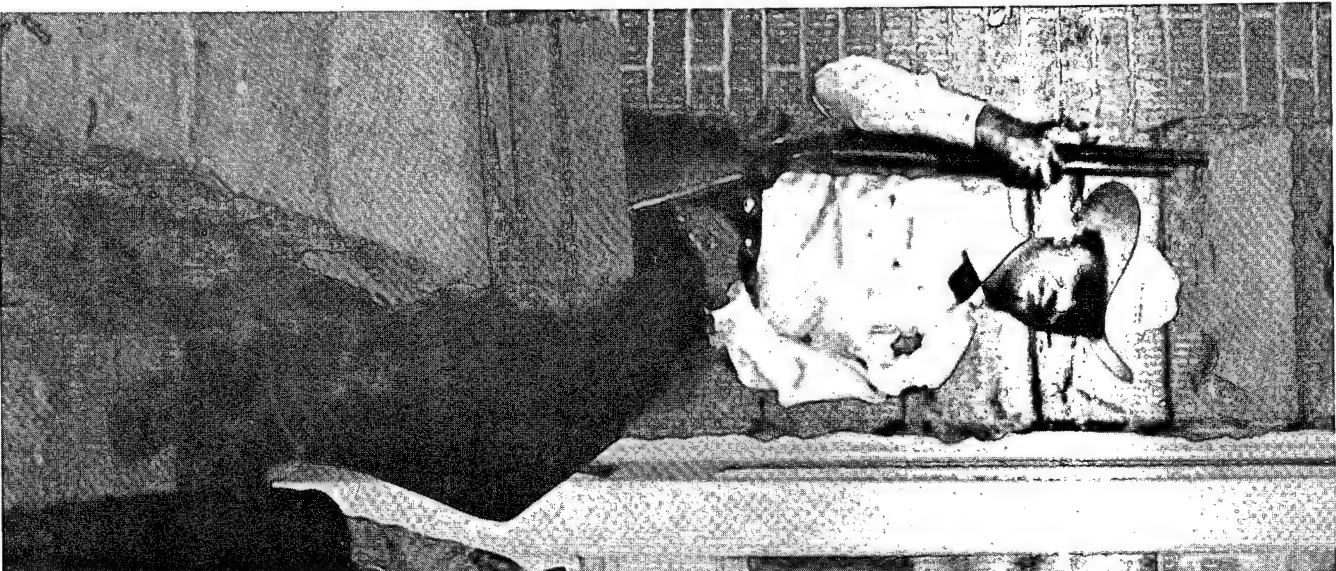
So, next time you hear rumors about "death lists," keep in mind that 1970 is an election year.

Today's Pig is



notion that you're about to be killed by maniacs because you've done such a good job — is no longer considered entirely stylish in most parts of the country, particularly in urban areas where the voters are too politically sophisticated to fall for that kind of hokum. But the Aspen electorate is still relatively innocent when it comes to tactical politics, and some people apparently think the old "High Noon" hype might still be effective here. And maybe they're right. But it seems a trifle heavy, in 1970, to walk around telling people that your foes are so vicious and determined that they plan to have you killed before the votes can be counted.

Baxter is an unlikely convert to this act, and perhaps he was only drawn into it by rumors that his name was on the Death List. But Whitmire has been working this same atavistic gig for three years now, and each spring the plots are more heinous. At first they were only offering him — the sheriff — but now they have widened their deadly net, and the Death List for July 4 should be a real mind-bender. By Labor Day the town will be littered with huge scrolls of names, most of them



Sheriff Whitmire

"Sammy Glick Syndrome" in all but congenial waterheads.... and even in some of those.

As a sheriff's deputy four years ago Whitmire was plotting to unseat his boss, then-Sheriff Lorraine Herwick, a gentle and straightforward man who had never been stung by the power-bee of corporate ambition-politics — and who lost his job because of it. Herwick saw his role as one of maintaining the civic peace, rather than terrifying the citizenry, and when Whitmire challenged his leadership by hinting at all the criminal horrors that he (Herwick) had never even known about, the elderly ex-Sheriff was shocked. What Mafia? What dope-rings? Where?

The only people who knew, apparently, were Whitmire and former District Attorney John Wendt (since defeated) — and Harold "Shorpy" Pabst, ex-editor & publisher of the now-defunct Illustrated News.

Weird Picnic in Boulder — July 4

The businessmen's attitude toward hippies is mild compared to that of those who passed out leaflets in downtown Boulder last week.

The leaflet, which isn't signed, calls for a "clean-up" in Boulder on July 4.

"The plan," the leaflet reports, "will be to seek out any area where there is an accumulation of trash, and to move, not necessarily march, as 10,000 strong.

Residents were advised by the leaflet to bring "any normal cleaning implements, a rake, a pitchfork, a shovel, or if these are not familiar items, bring a stick, ball bat or a length of chain. Wear a hard hat if you have one." Boulder police said they're trying to determine who is responsible for the leaflet....

Denver Post
May 25, 1969

Wisdom from a Leading Citizen

I read the article about Aspen in the April 26 Sunday Post. I should like to tell you that those guys in the pictures are not Aspenites and are not representing Aspen.

Since they also are talking about pollution, I want to give you some information.

First thing, they represent the Hippie Group, and they sure don't belong to the Aspen Group, this means people born and raised here and interested in the welfare of their children and of Aspen.

What is pollution? There are all kinds of it. Years back we used to have skunks in town, up to 1965. They were around every summer and anyone could smell them at night. Now you can't smell them anymore; the hippies took over and out stink them.

About three years ago, the Colorado Game and Fish Department fined the city of Aspen \$1,000 for polluting the Roaring Fork. A few thousand trout were floating down river, dead by some pollutant. It was in August, it was hot, the hippies with all the dirt on their bodies, got too warm and went into the river up at Stillwater. That's when the trout started to die.

There's a lot of noise right now about pollution. Part of it is to cover up something else. How much pollution is there in "Law and Order"? How will it be in five years, they way things are now, Think!

GUIDO MEYER

(Ed. note - Mr. Meyer, a wealthy local restaurateur, has served two terms as Aspen's City Magistrate. He is a native of Switzerland, near Germany.)

issue No. 4 — well, our only excuse is that we were trying to pass on the only extant version of that incident that makes logistic sense. It's also the only version we have from a source with personal access (in Washington and Boston) to the Kennedy clan and their reactions to the story as it was actually breaking. Selch.

The Sheriff & Party Politics

Which brings us back to Aspen, and the menace that still haunts Whitmire. The everpresent threat of being murdered — guined down like a pig in a pasture, an unsuspecting victim of hired hit-men from almost anywhere... Several weeks ago he appeared at the annual Democratic Party caucus, and — in the



Chuck Mason



Tomorrow's Bacon

Notice — Special Rates

Massive expansion has driven our operation to excess on all fronts — and heavy financial losses at the Kentucky Derby put our backs so tight to the money wall that we now find ourselves privileged to offer two (2) special subscription rates — both at great savings over news-stand prices. To wit:

NEW LOCAL RATE. \$10 for 12 issues, each finely rolled in a stylish mailing tube & suitable for wall-mounting. (save \$15 over national rates — good only in Pit-County.)

INTRODUCTORY OFFER ... \$5 for four issues, our selection, mailed in a tube. Or \$3 for four issues mailed in an envelope, folded.

Needless to say, all new subscribers will receive — as long as they last — our Special double-size issue No. 4 as an opening shot. Seize this fine opportunity. Send cash or cheque at once to Box K-3, Aspen, 81611.

Memo to Subscribers

Our excuses for the long pause between issues No. 3 and No. 4 are many and varied. The main one involves money: Both editors had to take time out to pursue their respective rockets. Then, after Benton bombed in Dallas and Thompson fell apart in Kentucky and New York, a "recovery time" factor was added. Then Dunwoy barred us from Aspen's only excuse for a "printing shop," so we moved our job-action to Boulder and doubled the size of our format. To finance this vast expansion on all fronts we were forced to sell advertising. Then, just as we were about to go to press, Benton had his shoulder cut off by a local quack, and Thompson collapsed from the strain of studying for his Doctor of Divinity Degree. Both editors, however, are now fully recovered — and both have been awarded official degrees, which entitle them to officiate at marriages, baptisms and other sacred functions.

This development is expected to add considerable new monies to the treasury, which will soon be located in a vault in the new Aspen Wallpaper printing plant and editorial offices next door to Benton's Gallery. The building is still in the design stages, but preliminary drawings indicate a strong resemblance to a circus tent, with an octagonal base and a sloping red fire-glass roof. When completed, in the winter of 1970, it will house the entire Wallpaper operation, in addition to the offices of *Fel City Ready* — a *Meat Possum Ltd.* subsidiary — and the combined headquarters of *Gene Johnston's Oxblood Sales and Design Associates*, *New World Drug Analysis Labs*, and *Landry's Heavy Construction*. Other office space may be available for lease by Labor Day.

Meanwhile, any delay between Wallpaper No. 4 and No. 5 can be chalked up to the fact that both Dr. Thompson and Dr. Benton are studying for their final Real Estate exam in order to become licensed brokers. This effort will take about a week out of our schedule — so expect No. 5 around July 10.

Open

Dear Ned:

You evil bird-brained little ba ever get elected anyway? What h except hang around the golf club; of honest men's mouths so what f to say what you do about other pec right! You twisted communists all and fishy eyes too crazy to see the I wish Cardinal Spellman was still straighten that bent head of yo linthead sonofabitch you'd be de belly screaming for unctio! Wl haircut and take a steambath y represent Aspen like Columbus di look what they did with their Oper explain that? You scumsnucker.

And you have the gall to ki because we grease our underv through the streets & get to th Schwarzes. People like you, Var, stupid to pour piss out of their or can't seem to understand Vare i building rights. And we'll see you give them up.

So let's get serious: How mu laying off Southwest TexPetrol Dy Inc.? As a king-bitch stockholde dealer for the firm I'm no short h dealing with pimps and suckar it on. I'm ready, you degeneat you an offer you can't refuse, Christ I'll have your teeth ripped still your nose bleeds. You filth "Open space," my ass! Keep — we don't fuck around with you the open space you need about s don't wise up damn quick. And damn your twisted eyes. Just be you want to keep our developmen Just so you and your rotten ilk ce and penetrate each other on the howl at the moon and beat eat goddamn gooseneck putters. But people, Vate? Real HUMAN BEI wind, eh? Send them back to St. eat golf balls!

Well that's BULLSHIT, Vate for it. How would you like to snapped? You Polack bastards people who'd like to kick your str down to Fruita. And I mean deen wouldn't take shit from a Gook — and they won't take it from a — mouthed vote-stealing World for you should have their bigh before we're finished with this g

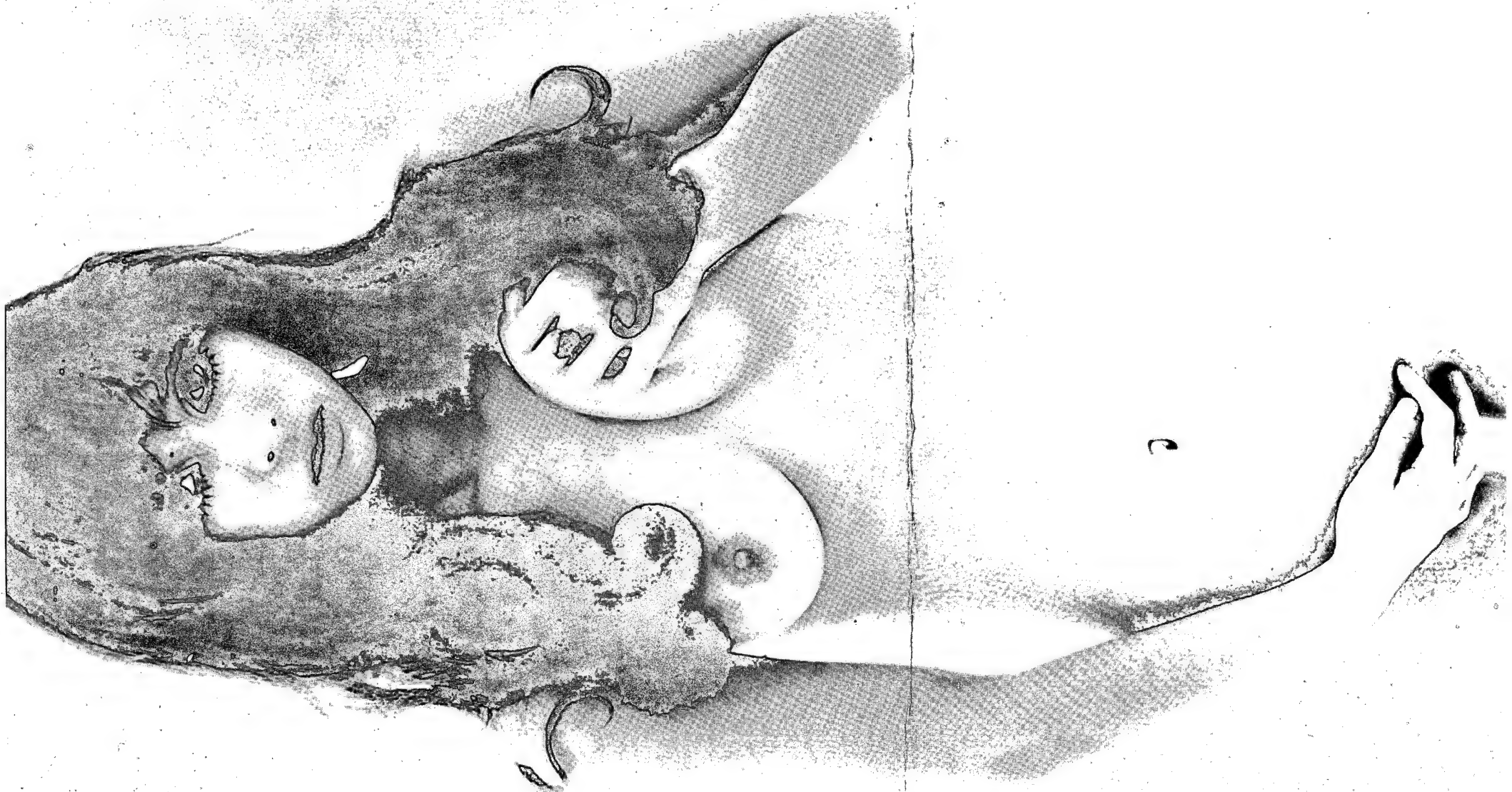
his pitch for their support — he let the bombings, killings and pitched expected to have to cope with on kend.

se in attendance say the delegates with a mixture of sorrow and quickly formed a committee to keep of "I've never heard such incredible of the delegates." He told us how he information, from printed handbills, ings to be destroyed by dynamite al Day, and that he'd seen a kill-list

appalled. And even Dr. Comcowitch to George Wallace — was alarmed of "calling up the posse" on with gangs of armed volunteers word — although the Sheriff never a saying it quite that way — but he ences to "offers of help" from the local Contractors' Association. The ocked that a man — the County's rent officer, in fact — would have ple stupidity to walk into their midst of crazed talk on them, while at the ng their organized support for re-

jects are not bright. He will face the primary — either Ricks or ex-Aspen ion Scott. (And perhaps a third, ndidate.) So, from now until eriff will be a tense and pressured ave much going for him — not even of his own party. If the summer nightmare of violence and constant ould play a very prominent role. n the line and his public image mosphe might be just the gimmick k in the limelight. u hear rumors about "death lists," 970 is an election year.

day's Pig is



This portrait of "Jilly" (opposite) has already caused us more trouble than anything we ever even thought about publishing in previous issues of the **Wallposter**. The internal arguments have been vicious, bordering at times on hysteria. Women don't seem to like Jilly. Without exception (including Madames Thompson & Benton) they have cursed and deplored our decision to run this photo. They have called it "obscene," "sick," and "dirty." Our opinion poll was so violently negative — in the female sector — that we decided to at least consider the idea of replacing "Jilly" with another photo.

Meanwhile, we checked the "obscenity" laws and found that "Jilly" is technically less "obscene" than most **Playboy** Playmates. Beyond that, she has already been cleared by the U.S. Post Office; we found her in the **Evergreen Review**, a prestigious national monthly that sells in bookstores and newstands from coast to coast, and passes — with no problem — through the U.S. mails. It is no fault of ours that the content of Aspen's public magazine racks is determined by the taste of a monopoly distributor in Grand Junction, a sluggish dunce, who handles the bulk of all news-stand sales on Colorado's Western Slope — all magazines, paperback books and national newspapers except things like **Rolling Stone**, **The Village Voice** and the **Evergreen Review**.

These last three are not deemed suitable for distribution via Grand Junction. Nor is **Ramparts**, or **Scanlan's Monthly**. By Grand Junction standards even **Newsweek** is a borderline case (remember that nude cover-photo of Jane Fonda?) Awful! How could they? Somebody should take a whip to that gang of freaky leftists at 444 Madison Ave. It's disgusting — the idea of that twisted pervert garbage fouling our pristine, Western Slope air. We can live with radioactive snow and milk that glows in the dark — and deadly Radon Gas built into the foundations of 15,000 Grand Junction homes — but for the sake of Sweet Jesus don't ever fool with Sex.

Which brings us back to our problem: We were looking around for another photo to run in place of "Jilly." A canvass of local photographers turned up nothing with the kind of fifth-dimension zang we were looking for. National photo agencies like Magnum and Black Star were out of the question — for reasons of time and money — so we turned to our vast magazine file. And it didn't take long to settle on a photo that appeared in the December 5 '69 **LIFE**. But it was a full-color shot and spread across two pages with a fold down the middle, so we couldn't reproduce it. We did however, have a poster version of the same photo. But that, too, was impossible to reproduce.

Memo to the Homefolks ... on Independence Day

Carter testified that soon after the third platoon moved in, a woman was sighted. Somebody knocked her down, and then, Carter said, "Medina shot her with his M-16 rifle. I was 50 or 60 feet away and saw this. There was no reason to shoot this girl."

The men continued on, making sure no one was escaping. "We came to where the soldiers had collected 15 or more Vietnamese men, women and children in a group."

"Medina said, 'Kill everyone. Leave no one standing.' A machine-gunner began firing into the group. Moments later one of Medina's radio operators slowly "passed among them and finished them off." Medina didn't personally shoot any of them, according to Carter, but moments later the captain "stopped a 17-or-18-year-old man with a water

Fat City Fun Girl #1 ... vs. 'My Lai 4' ...

At this point we began to wonder what kind of madness we had got ourselves into. Because the same people who objected so violently to "Jilly" had no objection to the photo we were thinking about using to replace her. It was not "obscene" by anyone's standards; it was deemed perfectly acceptable — for different reasons — to our friends and detractors alike. Nobody would try to have us arrested for publishing it; no liberal sneer would darken our social horizons, no nervous local merchant would refuse to sell the **Wallposter** if we ran this photo.

... because all it showed was a dirt road in Vietnam full of dead women and children, freshly slaughtered by American soldiers. There are nineteen bodies in the photo; four are babies, the rest are women. There are no men. The photo was taken by Ron Haberle, an official U.S. Army photographer assigned to Company "C" of Task Force Barker the day it swept into the South Vietnamese Hamlet known as "My Lai 4." And the photo at the bottom of the page is even more horrible, somehow, than the big one at the top. It shows a small boy who looks about nine years old, trying to shield his little brother from the G.I.'s who were already starting to shoot at them. "The older one fell on the little one as if to protect him," said Haberle, "then the guys finished them off." (Excerpts from Haberle's official testimony, along with other accounts of the massacre at My Lai 4, appear (below) as "Memo to the Homefolks." If you have a strong stomach, try reading it on Independence Day — the 194th Anniversary of the First American Revolution.) Or make it over to Boulder (see "Weird Picnic" item on opposite page) and get it on with the local nazis.

Anyway, we decided to stick with "Jilly." By our standards the December 5 '69 issue of **LIFE** contains some of the worst obscenity ever to come off any press in the United States or any other country. But it didn't cause a ripple in any of the three Aspen drugstores where **LIFE** is sold. Nobody was arrested for publishing it. Nobody called it "dirty." But when Jim Salter looked for some merchant with a downtown street window to display the poster version of Haberle's massacre photo, there was only one volunteer: Danny Maddalone. He put the rotten thing up in the window of his real estate office for a few days, then took it down because "people didn't like it."

And that's weird, too. Nobody minded the photo in **LIFE**, but for some reason they couldn't handle it intruding on their day-to-day lives. We think "Jilly" is just the opposite. She's not the kind of girl you want to see on a magazine rack next to your favorite photos of gut-shot baby girls ... but she's fine for those cozy nights around the fire when real men relax with their buddies and tell each other how fine it is to be living the American Dream.

If "Jilly" is obscene, then what is the word for men like Lt. Calley and Capt. Medina, who find a dutiful pleasure in slaughtering a village full of helpless women and children? Is Amerika that rotten? Have we drifted so far from our myth of "humanist democracy" that we shrug our shoulders at the idea of sending our sons and brothers off to kill and chop and rape like hyenas — in the name of the flag? Have we already forgotten those World War II posters showing wild-eyed Japs and Germans spearing babies with bayonets? Have we finally become the monsters we've spent 20 years arming against?

And against the bloody, sub-human background of these horrors that nobody denies our "defenders of freedom" are committing against innocent civilians in Asia — (blowing the heads off young mothers, gunning down crowds of children) — in this context



Tomorrow's Bacon

Rice — Special Rates

expansion has driven our operation to excess on oil heavy financial losses at the Kentucky Derby put our to the money wall that we now find ourselves private (2) special subscription rates — both at great low-stand prices. To wit:

SPECIAL RATE: \$10 for 12 issues, each finely rolled in a stylish mailing tube & suitable for wall-mounting. (save \$15 over national rates — good only in Pitts County.)

DICTORY OFFER ... \$5 for four issues, our selection, mailed in a tube. Or \$3 for four issues mailed in an envelope, folded.

To say, all new subscribers will receive — as long as our Special double-size issue No. 4 as an opening is fine opportunity. Send cash or cheque at once to 81611.

Memo to Subscribers

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any delay between Wallposter No. 4 and No. ed up to the fact that both Dr. Thompson and e studying for their final *Real Estate* ex- come licensed brokers. This effort will k out of our schedule — so expect No. 5



— "Jilly" —

photo by Kishin Shinoyama from Evergreen Review

Open Letter to Ned Vare

Dear Ned:

You evil bird-brained little bastard, how did you ever get elected anyway? What have you ever done except hang around the golf club and steal bread out of honest men's mouths so what RIGHT do you have to say what you do about other people's property? NO right! You twisted communist all covered with warts and fishy eyes too crazy to see the truth right in front. I wish Cardinal Spellman was still alive by God he'd straighten that bent head of yours damn fast you linthead sonofabitch you'd be down on your stinky belly screaming for uncton! Why don't you get a haircut and take a steam bath you scurvy pig you represent Aspen like Columbus discovered Cuba. And look what they did with their Open Space. How do you explain that? You scumsucker.

And you have the gall to knock Germans just because we grease our underwear to move fast through the streets & get to the bank before the Schwartzes. People like you, Vare. Ugly people. Too stupid to pour piss out of their own boots. What you can't seem to understand Vare is that we have the building rights. And we'll see you in HELL before we give them up.

So let's get serious: How much do you want for laying off Southwest TextPetrol Dynamic Tax-Shelters Inc.? As a king-bitch stockholder and chief public dealer for the firm I'm no short horn when it comes to dealing with pimps and suckarounds. So let's get it on. I'm ready, you degenerate freak. I'll make you an offer you can't refuse, and if you do by Christ I'll have your teeth ripped out & stomp your till your nose bleeds. You filthy little moron.

"Open space," my ass! Keep out of our way. — we don't fuck around with your kind. You'll get all the open space you need about six feet under if you don't wise up damn quick. And I mean NOW! God damn your twisted eyes. Just because you play golf you want to keep our development off the golf course. Just so you and your rotten ilk can run around naked and penetrate each other on the greens at night — howl at the moon and beat each other with your goddamn goose-neck putters. But how about normal people, Vare? Real HUMAN BEINGS? Let them suck wind, eh? Send them back to St. Andrews. Let them eat golf balls!

Well that's BULLSHIT, Vare! They won't stand for it. How would you like to have your femurs snapped? You Polack bastard! This town is full of people who'd like to kick your strange ass all the way down to Frulla. And I mean decent people, Vare. They wouldn't take shit from a Gook — or a Slant or a Slope — and they won't take it from your kind either! You mouthed vote-stealing Wop! Anybody who voted for you should have their brain scraped out. And before we're finished with this town, by God, they just

might! We will develop! We shall build! It's RIGHT! And we must do it!

What I mean to say here, Vare — in case I haven't made myself quite clear — is **Keep out of our way**, or we'll croak you. Just name your price & we'll pay it. But keep your evil mouth shut about "open space." And the next time you hear the name "Textax Dynamics," fella, just stand tall and smile. Because we're what this country is all about — and don't you forget it.

Sincerely yours,
Martin "Bing" Bormann
Executive Vice-President &
Chief of Human Relations for
Textax Dynamics SW, Texas.

Homage to Raoul Duke

In the spring of that year the sap climbed up in the trees and the owls ate the crows eggs and the rivers ran slow and greasy across the old stones of the new riverbed. All over the Rockies young boom-towns bled torrents of fresh dung and toilet paper into the headwaters of Los Angeles' water supply. The sun was warm and ravens croaked on the windmills. Dead baseball flooded the sports page and adolph Speer was released from Spandau Prison to promote his best-selling memoirs: ("The level of conversation at Hitler's dinner parties was painfully low." Eva Braun spoke of dogs while the Generals gossiped about each others' love affairs. They were dullards and swine, but for nearly ten years they had the whole world on their string — and when you went to Hitler's parties you laughed at his Generals' jokes.") But for some odd reason in the summer of that year all the fish went belly-up and the pigs sucked wind. Dead loads filled the rivers, bad air drove the dogs crazy and crows stripped all the fields. We fought it for a while, but by Christmas we realized there was no point even burying the dead.

— from the "Memoirs of Raoul Duke
So much for strange springs, and the twisted mystery that still shrouds the life of Raoul Duke. His work continues to bathe the handful of scholars who have tried to un-travel it. Not much is known about him except that he always paid cash. On his rare visits to Aspen he drank heavily and fished in the river with dynamite. His manner was rude, but he liked to watch television and if left alone he was harmless. But now he belongs to the ages. Several years ago his body washed up on a beach near Lima and he was buried, they say, in one of the public cemeteries destroyed by a recent earthquake.

to shoot this girl!"
The men continued on, making sure no one was escaping. "We came to where the soldiers had collected 15 or more Vietnamese men, women and children in a group.

"Medina said, 'Kill everyone. Leave no one standing.'"
A machine-gunner began firing into the group. Moments later one of Medina's radio operators slowly "passed among them and finished them off." Medina didn't personally shoot any of them, according to Carter, but moments later the captain "stopped a 17-or-18-year-old man with a writer buffalo. Medina told the boy to make a run for it," Carter told the CID. "He tried to get him to run but the boy wouldn't run, so Medina shot him with his M-16 rifle and killed him. I was 75 or 80 meters away at the time and I saw it plainly."

"At this point in Carter's interrogation, the investigator warned him that he was making very serious charges against his commanding officer.

"What I'm telling is the truth," Carter replied, "and I'll face Medina in court and swear to it."

Roberts and Haeblerle also moved in just behind the third platoon. Haeblerle watched a group of 10 to 15 GIs methodically pump bullets into a cow until it keeled over.

A woman then poked her head out from behind some brush; she may have been hiding in a bunker.

The GIs turned their fire from the cow to the woman. "They just kept shooting at her. You could see the bones flying in the air chip by chip. No one had attempted to question her; GIs inside the hamlet also were asking no questions. Before moving on, the photographer took a picture of the dead woman. Haeblerle took many more pictures that day; he saw about 30 GIs kill at least 100 Vietnamese civilians.

Haeblerle noticed a man and two small children walking toward a group of GIs: "They just kept walking toward us ... you could hear the little girl saying, 'No, no ...' All of a sudden the GIs opened up and cut them down." Later he watched a machine-gunner suddenly open fire on a group of civilians — women, children and babies — who had been collected in a big circle. "They were trying to run. I don't know how many got out." He saw a GI with an M-16 rifle fire at two young boys walking along a road. The older of the two — about 7 or 8 years old — fell over the first to protect him. The GI kept on firing until both were dead.

As Haeblerle and Roberts walked further into the hamlet, Medina came up to them. Eighty-five Viet Cong had been killed in action thus far, the captain told them, and 20 suspects had been captured. Roberts carefully jotted down the captain's comment in his notepad.

Now it was nearly 9 o'clock and all of Charlie Company was in My Lai 4. Most families were being shot inside their homes, or just outside the doorways. Those who had tried to flee were crammed by GIs into the many bunkers built throughout the hamlet for protection — once the bunkers became filled, hand grenades were lobbed in.

Everything became a target. Gary Gortalo borrowed someone's M79 grenade launcher and fired it point-blank at a water buffalo. "I hit that sucker right in the head; went down like a shot. You don't get to shoot water buffalo with an M79 every day." Others fired the weapon into the bunkers full of people.

— from "My Lai 4,"
by Seymour Hersh,
winner of the '69
Pulitzer Prize for
distinguished reporting

Food Stampers & the Bread Menace

Baxter continued "The entire SST program smacks of pinko socialism. According to the latest reports, nine-tenths of the cost of building the first SST will be borne by the government. This threatened takeover of the private SST program would destroy the initiative of General Electric and Boeing aircraft directors. If the handout is granted, these men will be groveling for more financial support each year, just like so many of our shiftless welfare recipients."

— from an interview by A. Buchwald

"humanist democracy" that we shrug our shoulders at the idea of sending our sons and brothers off to kill and chop and rape like hyenas — in the name of the flag? Have we already forgotten those World War II posters showing wild-eyed Japs and Germans spearing babies with bayonets? Have we finally become the monsters we've spent 20 years arming against?

And against the bloody, sub-human background of these horrors that nobody denies our "defenders of freedom" are committing against innocent civilians in Asia — (blowing the heads off young mothers, gunning down crowds of children) — in this context of evil, half-mad reality that will one day come down to a War Trial so vast and vengeful that Nuremberg, by comparison, will seem like a day in the traffic court. ... is "Jilly" obscene?

Special offer: To anyone offended by "Jilly," and to those who prefer a touch of blood on their obscurity, the Wallposter will give away 100 poster-size color-prints of Ron Haeblerle's May Lai 4 Massacre photo. These are on order & will hopefully arrive by July 4, when we will make them available to all corners at the Wallposter office on Durant St.

THE ASPEN WALLPOSTER

"Gracious Living Through Jimson Weed"

No. 4 © June, 1970 \$1 in Aspen

Ment Possum Press Ltd.

Cover Art by Tom Benton

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Executive Editor ... Lionel Olaj
Editors ... Tom Benton, Hunter Thompson
General Manager ... Gene Johnston
Senior Corp. Counsel ... John G. Clancy
Photography ... Bob Krueger

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We welcome editorial contributions, but our space is limited and we have no rewrite staff to cope with gibberish or garbled swill. Any nazi greedhead with the money to hire a good ghostwriter is welcome to submit his screeds for publication. We want to be fair — and to this end we will make every effort to publish relevant, coherent and even outrageous counterpoint to our own biased opinions. ... but dull and/or illiterate bullsh!t will be rejected without comment. So — in the now-famous words of Spiro T. Agnew — "Let the Hundred Flow-ers Bloom."

— The editors

"GENTLEMEN, NATURE WORKS IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY. WHEN A NEW TRUTH COMES UPON THE EARTH, OR A GREAT IDEA NECESSARY FOR MANKIND IS BORN, WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? NOT FROM THE POLICE FORCE OR THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS OR THE JUDGES OR THE LAWYERS OR THE DOCTORS; NOT THERE. IT COMES FROM THE DESPISED AND THE OUTCAST; IT COMES PERHAPS FROM JAILS AND PRISONS; IT COMES FROM MEN WHO HAVE DARED TO BE REBELS AND THINK THEIR THOUGHTS; AND THEIR FATE HAS BEEN THE FATE OF REBELS. THIS GENERATION GIVES THEM GRAVES WHILE ANOTHER BUILDS THEM MONUMENTS; AND THERE IS NO EXCEPTION TO IT. IT HAS BEEN TRUE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN, AND IT WILL BE TRUE NO DOUBT FOREVER"

CLARENCE DARROW 1920

Steve Crowley.

Tike Felton T.V. Repair

KSPN-FM — ABC News

Scanlan's Literary House

Shady Lane

Bob Freeman — Galleria

Wooden Nickel

Jerry Siegel — Photography

Thomas Wells — Architect

Pierre Landry — Heavy Construction

Joan Lane

Dorothea and Doug Farris

Nick Eaton — Sales Mgr. KSPN

Bob Krueger — Photographer

Center of the Eye, Photo Workshop

Pitkin County Dry Goods Co.

The Grub Steak, Crested Butte.

Country Health Bar of Aspen

Henry and Jennifer Pedersen

The Peddler

LaPiuma Shoes — Aspen Square

The Aspen Country Store

Aspen Bookshop

The Gypsy Woman

Paul and Janet — Thanksgiving

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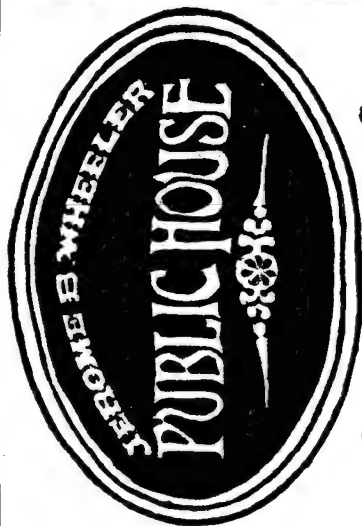
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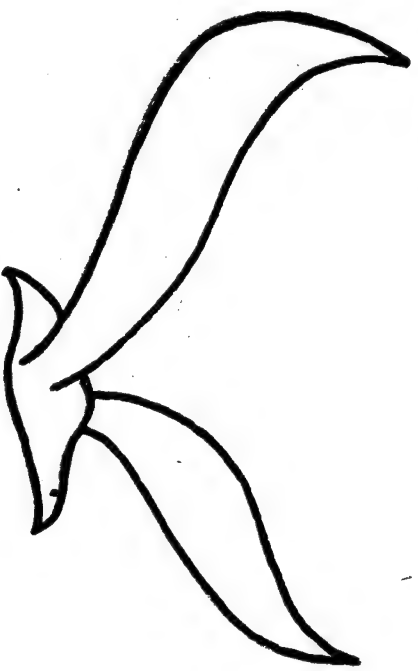


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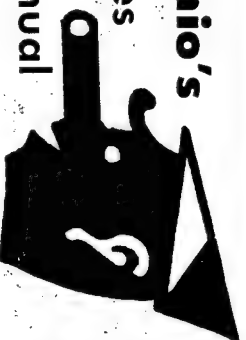
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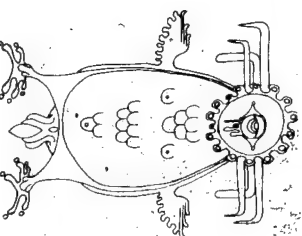
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Hippies May Elect Sheriff

By Leroy F. Aarons
Washington Post Staff Writer

ASPEN, Colo.—He was a little shaky, Hunter Thompson admitted. He had just tripped all night on mescaline and now he stood on Mill Street, ever-present beer can in his hand, sun hat covering his bald head (which he had shaved to cover the American Legion convention in Portland, Ore., for Scanlan's magazine), contemplating with a sense of disbelief the coming ordeal.

"It was really horrible," he said, referring to the long night. "I thought I was going to have a little time to be crazy, but all I could think about was this f— race." He paused, focusing on his sockless sneakered feet. Then he said, "I'm afraid the humor's gone out of it already. There's no more humor."

This was a Saturday. Registration had closed the day before, and it was becoming evident from the number of people—mostly long-haired hippie types—who had registered as "unaffiliated" that Hunter Thompson could be elected sheriff. This sent a wave of nervousness through the Aspen establishment and a spasm of horror through Hunter Thompson.

"Christ, now I've got to get serious," he groaned.

Probably few people would take Thompson very seriously if it weren't for the fact that he could win. Last year he backed a candidate for mayor—Joe Edwards, an attorney—who missed winning by only six votes. There are enough hippies, liberals and radio-libs in Pitkin County to elect Thompson sheriff. "If that man is elected," said Aspen's Republican Mayor Eve Homeyer, shuddering at the prospect, "everybody would think this was Liberty Hall and come racing in here."

"I'd sure hate to see that kind of law come to Pitkin County," said current Sheriff Carroll Whitmire, who happens to be running for re-election. A Democrat, he is opposed by a Republican and by Thompson.

A 'Freak' Platform

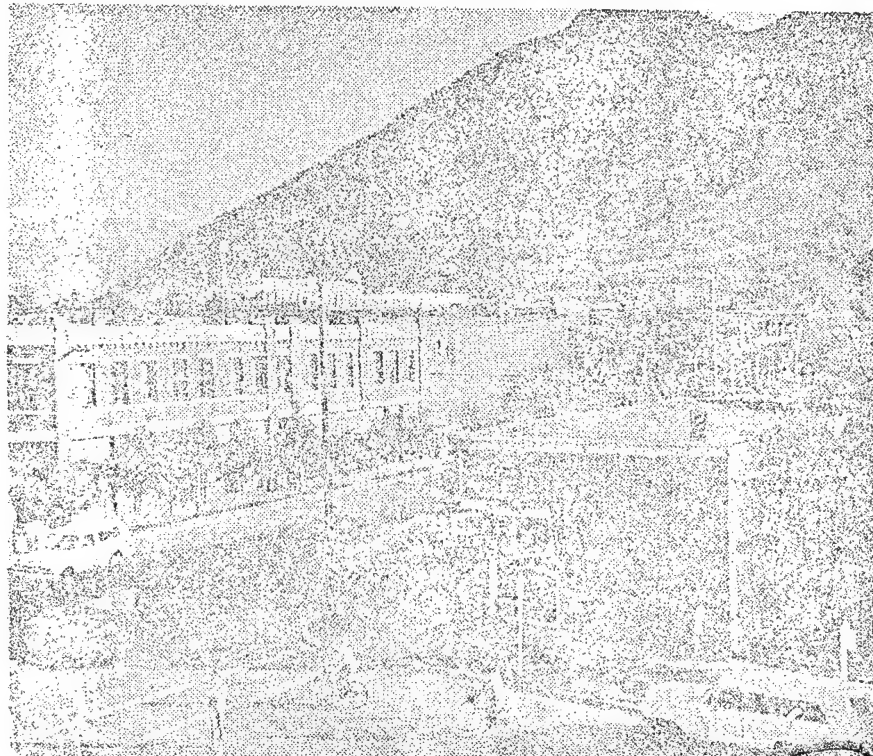
WHAT KIND OF LAW has to do with Thompson's tentative platform which he published in Rolling Stone magazine. It stirred up a good deal of excitement, admiration and vicious hatred back home in Aspen, depending on who was reading it.

According to his platform, if elected, Thompson would: change Aspen's name to "Fat City," as a device to discourage developers; sod the downtown streets and ban all automobiles; punish dishonest dope dealers by putting

them in public stocks on the courthouse lawn, but go easy on people who use dope; disarm law enforcement officers but employ "massive retaliation" in the event of a riot and "savagely harass" anyone involved in "land rape."

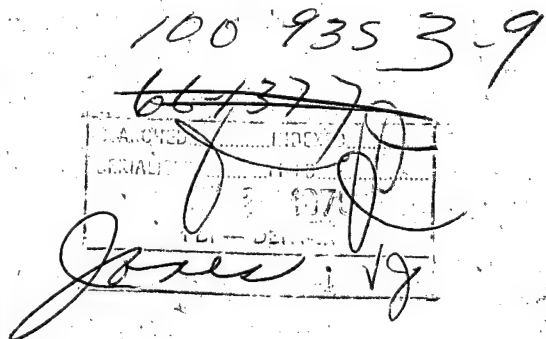
What is this all about, you wonder? Who would vote for this man? Who is this freak?

See ASPEN, Page B4, Column 1



By Charles Gould via United Press International

Aspen, as the conservationists hope to preserve it.



Hippies May Elect a Sheriff

ASPEN, From Page B1

Hunter Thompson is an author-journalist, 32 or 33 years of age, who has written two novels, a well received book on the Hells Angels (who almost killed him in return), and articles for publications like Ramparts, Scanlan's and Rolling Stone. Four years ago he settled with his wife and son in a beat-up house on the side of a mountain in Woody Creek, outside Aspen, where he proceeded to drink, remodel his

house, write and take dope in what he expected would be everlasting peace.

But then they put a gravel pit almost in his back yard and a slag heap not too far away and started talking about building a four-lane highway in his direction, and he began to realize what a lot of other people were beginning to realize about Aspen: It was suffering from a kind of cancer called growth.

The symptoms are everywhere, from the new gas station abuilding on Main

Street to the multi-million-dollar condominiums crawling up the mountain on the south, the barracks-like Holiday Inn just outside town, the 24,000-bed development being planned ten miles down the road, the record \$10.5 million in building permits granted by the city in 1969.

Aspen is a money town, a money-making town. Ninety years ago it was a silver-mining boom city of 12,000. When the country went off the silver standard, Aspen went into a 40-year decline until some enterprising, visionary men rediscovered it and saw its potential as a resort and cultural center.

Aspen caught the crest of the early 1960s ski craze and soon its magnificent slopes, its majestic scenery, its hybrid small-town charm and big-city sophistication were attracting tens of thousands annually, both summer and winter.

Carving Up Paradise

WITH PEOPLE came money, and the opportunity to make money, and soon Texas oilmen, Chicago developers and California subdividers were making deals, under the umbrella of Aspen's permissive zoning rules. McCulloch Oil, the people who brought the London Bridge to Arizona, bought a 1,800-acre tract up Hunter Creek, the American Cement Co. opened a huge planned satellite resort called Snowmass-at-Aspen, Texas International Petroleum Co. planned to subdivide 200 acres at the edge of town (Aspen is now negotiating to buy the back).

Colorado's condominium law, passed a few years ago, stimulated a proliferation of motel- and Swiss chalet-style apartment buildings—marvelous inven-





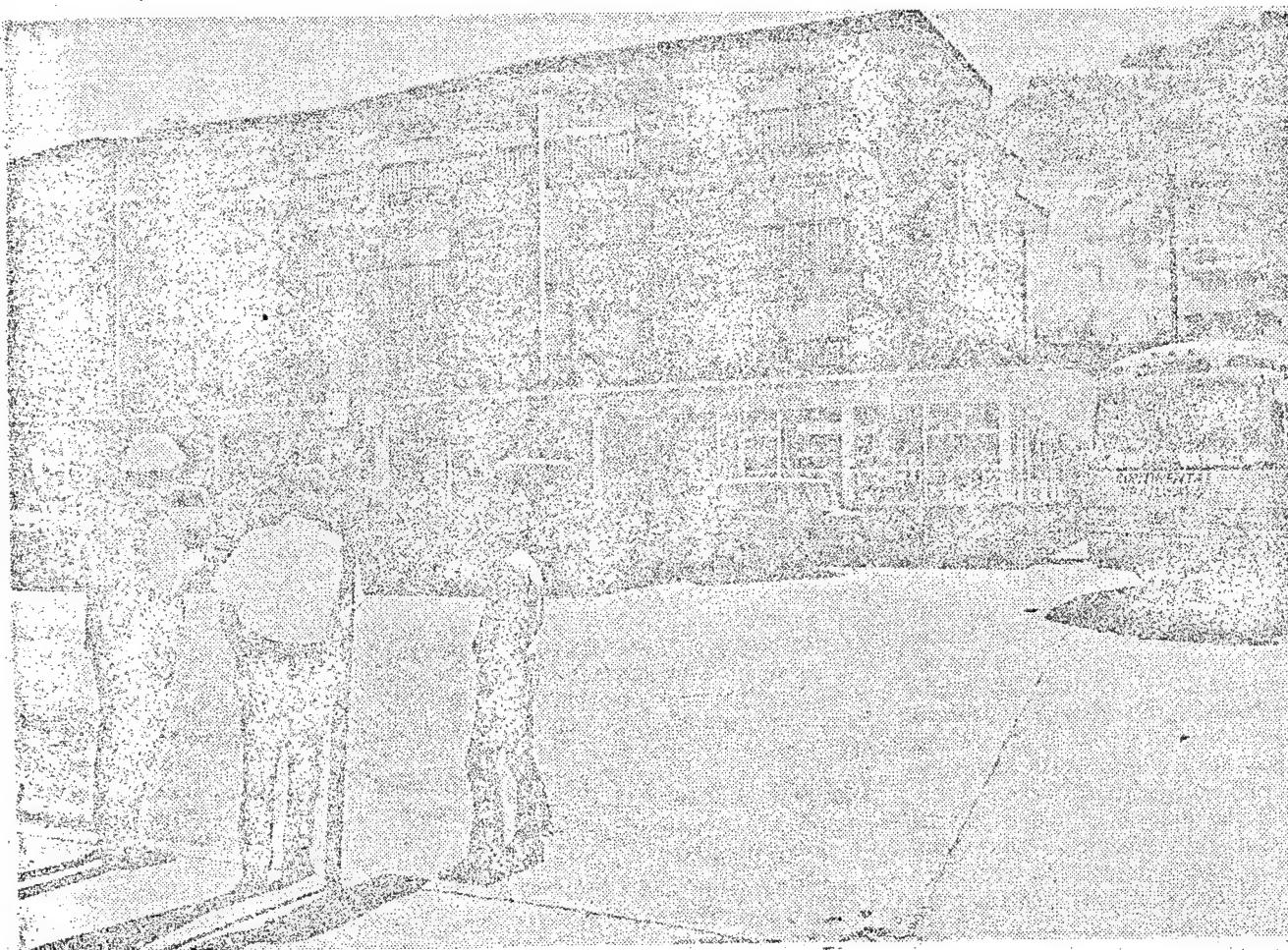
Free-spirited Hunter Thompson entered the race for sheriff of Aspen almost as a joke, but now finds he actually has a chance to win. "Christ, now I've got to get serious," the young writer groans.

apartment buildings—marvelous investments, since the units could be sold before the first spade of dirt was turned.

Many people, struck by Aspen's beauty and amenities, chose to stay. The year-round population, now 2,300, has doubled since 1960 (in winter, the population soars to 13,000). Aspen residents are a curious amalgam of artists, craftsmen, ski bums who stayed, lawyers, writers, carpenters and, more recently, hippies. Most all of them share one thing in common—a revulsion to the harsh abrasions of city life.

But city life threatens to engulf this quaint town, planted in a crease in the Rockies, decorated by the graceful aspen trees from which it took its name and which, with the first frosts, take on a brilliant golden-orange hue as lovely as a Monet canvas.

Belatedly, perhaps too late, the townspeople are becoming aware of the danger (although the warnings by



"Save Aspen" leaders claim new apartment houses are ruining the character of the town.

such visionary types as Eric Severeid began as long as eight years ago). Now the Chamber of Commerce, whose high-powered promotions were largely responsible for Aspen's boom, is discouraging new arrivals. The colorful Aspen Ski Corp. is threatening to close down the slopes if they get overcrowded. A group of anonymous vigilantes recently blew up the windmill at Holland Hills, a particularly tacky development near Aspen. And the City Council voted this year a 1 per cent sales tax to buy property to keep developers out.

But, an emerging group of relative newcomers, almost all of them in their 30s and few of them in Aspen more than four years, is talking about something deeper than that. They are saying that in order truly to save the town, to free it from a web of interlocking relationships with outside promoters and resident "greedheads" (as Thompson calls them) who are selling the town out from under the people, there must be a shift in control. In short, they are talking about a change of power.

Among them is Joe Edwards, the Houston lawyer who came to Aspen a few years ago and who was nearly elected mayor a year ago. Also Tom Benton, a young artist; Dwight Shellman, Edward's law partner; Mike Stolheim, a house painter. And Ned Vare, a mild, free-spirited man of 36 who lives in a converted mining camp with his girl friend and their two children, and who designs furniture.

Vare was elected to the city council last year. This year he is going after County Commissioner J. Sterling Baxter, a doctor, who has been the principal power in Pitkin County for the last four years. (Baxter's idea about Aspen's urban sprawl is that "one man's exploitation is another man's benefit to the community.")

'Crazy' Formula Works

VARE'S BID for Baxter's county seat is really the central thrust of the save-Aspen movement. Initially, Thompson's show of candidacy was a diversionary tactic.

"The original idea was to create a kind of crazy left that would make Vare look moderate by comparison," said Thompson, who was now downing tequilas and chain-smoking Marlboros in the bar of the Hotel Jerome, a beautifully restored Victorian relic of the



Photos by Charles Gould via United Press International

Designer Ned Vare represents the moderate side of Aspen's "freak power" movement to chase greedy developers out of town.

can be terrifying; it is easy to see why he has rattled the town. He is an imposing 6-foot-3, 190 pounds, with a fondness for profanity and shocking statements, a sort of "Norman Mailer west." He has been known to stand on his back porch in the nude, firing a rifle into the mountains. ("Simple vulgarity, that's all he represents to me," says Mrs. Homeyer.)

Thompson's public self is part-theater, part journalist, part ideologue. But if you stick around long enough you begin to get a sense of anguish behind the bravado.

in every respect except life style. They work as waiters, maids, ski instructors, carpenters, bartenders and so on. They live in trailers, in overpriced apartments, in makeshift shacks, and they don't usually hang out on the sidewalks. They take drugs, but most of them bother no one and want nothing more than to be left alone.

This is part of the problem for those who now want to get them involved in the town's difficulties. These long-hairs don't vote; many of them never voted in their lives until last year when Joe Edwards—anything but a hippie—was

in the bar of the Hotel Jerome, a beautifully restored Victorian relic of the 1890s that looks like the set for a Warner Bros. western. "It never occurred to me that I could win.

"Last year we lost part of the moderate vote because Edwards looked too extreme. This article (in Rolling Stone) kind of jerked the covers off of what's happening just in time to saddle Vare with it. This time, Vare is no mystery and I'm certainly no mystery. Vare panicked this year. I think Vare is going to win and, as weird as it sounds, I think I may win."

"What I'm trying to do is different than Ned," Thompson went on. "His campaign is issue-oriented, I'm thinking more in terms of political muscle. As far as the platform, it's more an attempt to get a mandate for those ideas and get people to take them seriously. It's the language that frightens people, not the idea.

"I'm not really running for sheriff; I don't intend to be sheriff. I'll take my salary and the salary of the under sheriff and try to get some young cops who think something like I do. There's no law that says I have to roam the town with a gun on my hip and a ten-gallon hat on my head.

"My intention is to use it as a political vortex. If I become sheriff that will—symbolically—totally shatter the existing political structure of the town. Then we can start with referendums A, B, C, on down the line. We'll have mustered the mandate that opens the way for all the rest."

To the easily intimidated, Thompson

begin to get a sense of anguish behind the bravado.

"Somewhere between the bomb and the commune there's a tremendous opening," he says, "to be not forced out of the game and to make them play it our way. I'm tired of running. I've been running for 10 years. There's no place left to go."

In a vitriolic newsletter called "Aspen Wallposter," which he occasionally publishes as a goad to the town's establishment, Thompson obliquely revealed himself in a reference to John Kennedy-style "misfits" who are still around: "They are a strange breed—cynical as old pawnbrokers, yet haunted and hopelessly tangled in the web of some half-born dream . . . lost but not losers, still waiting . . . not liking themselves too well and sometimes feeling half dead . . . or maybe just half alive; and usually about half-corrupt, in the shadow-memory of things undone and untried."

Hippies Who Vote

WHAT IS THE ROLE of the so-called hippies in all this? They hold the key to the power struggle: the vote. Like anything else in this town, Aspen's hippie culture is not simple. In fact, listening to the Chamber of Commerce, you would never know that there had been a hippie "invasion" in Aspen at all.

But you would be wrong if you placed it in the same mental category as the street cultures of Berkeley or the East Village. These people—the steady long-hair residents—are big city dropouts very much like the straights

in their lives until last year when Joe Edwards—anything but a hippie—was running.

Part of Thompson's hyperbolic, theatrical strategy was designed to "get the freaks off their asses." And, in that respect, it worked, because hundreds lined up at the county courthouse and city hall right up to the close of registration Oct. 2. Some of them were there because they felt guilty about the six votes Joe Edwards didn't get last year.

Thompson and Vare's "freak power" experiment is as old as democracy, and to the degree it talks about decentralizing power, more conservative than radical. Moreover, as Thompson says, it is an alternative, perhaps the last alternative to violence.

Neither man has pat answers. They are still groping. Vare talks of specific zoning and planning proposals to save Aspen. Thompson is given to a kind of paranoia, separating the town into the "we's" and the "they's," sometimes unjustly eliminating liberals and moderates who are just as sincerely concerned about preserving the town.

But both men, and their supporters, seem in essence to want a shift in values from an emphasis on property and money to an emphasis on human-scale life style.

"We're into something that's bigger than piddling politics," said Vare. "We can get onto something as basic as what we think we're stumbling onto. I think it is related only to Aspen is insane. Our deepest feelings are what everybody feels. What happens here, happens to the country."

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Height	Weight	Build	Hair	Eyes	Complexion	Age
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Aspen sheriff's job eyed by 'outlaw journalist'

By LOUDON KELLY
Associated Press Writer

ASPEN—Hunter S. Thompson says he's a "foul-mouthed outlaw journalist," but he's also deadly serious about becoming sheriff of Pitkin County and this booming ski town.

And that's "despite the natural horror of seeing myself as the main pig."

Under the apolitical slogan of "Freak Power," Thompson says his success depends on "how many freaks, heads, criminals, anarchists, beatniks, poachers, Wobblies, bikers and Persons of Weird Persuasion will come out of their holes and vote for me."

What's more, leaders of this once remote silver camp concede that Thompson—in floppy tennis hat, plaid shirt and dungarees—just might make it.

William Dunaway, who operates the town newspaper and radio station, says that because Aspen has so many newcomers, mostly young and most with jobs, he believes Thompson has a good chance of being elected Nov. 3.

Mayor fearful

Mrs. Eve Homeyer, the stylish blonde widow who is Aspen's first feminine mayor, says he's "so far out it is absolutely frightening that he might become sheriff."

"I don't believe he will win," she says, "but I am extremely concerned."

Thompson says he wants to save the residents of this picturesque mountain community from seeing "New York stock brokers and art hustlers sell the valley out from under them."

The free lance writer and self-styled philosopher, who just now is letting his beard grow, says that by freak, "I don't mean some sort of beast who goes around chewing drugs."

"I'm talking about some young person who is disenfranchised, who has nowhere to turn," he said.

The 28-year-old sheriff, Carroll Whitmire, a Democrat, is near the end of his four-year term and seeks another. The Republican nominee is the under-sheriff, Glenn Ricks.

"They're both cookie-cutter types," Thompson says, "gas station attendants who were given a gun."

Come to grips

In a boldly hand-printed advertisement appearing in the local paper, Thompson tells voters:

"The time has come, it seems, to dispense with evil humor and come to grips with the strange possibility that the next sheriff of this county might very well be a foul-mouthed outlaw journalist with some very radical

tions about life styles, law enforcement and political reality in America."

Tall, athletic and 35, he says Aspen not only is ready for a "new kind of sheriff, but for a whole new style in government, the kind of thing Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he talked about Democracy."

"We have not done too well with that concept over the years," he says, "not in Aspen or anywhere else — and the proof of our failure is the wreckage of Jefferson's dream that haunts us on every side, from coast to coast, on the TV news and a thousand daily newspapers."

"We have blown it: That fantastic possibility that Abe Lincoln called 'The last, best hope of man'."

"This valley," the candidate tells voters, most of whom live in town, "is no longer a refuge or a hideout from reality." It was an outpost of urban culture buried in the rural Rockies, but "for 20 years the selling orgy boomed fat and heavy," he says.

Drug busts

The community now is plagued by "big city problems too malignant for small-town solutions, Chicago-style traffic in a town without stoplights, Oakland-style drug busts continually bungled by simple cowboy cops . . ."

Thompson, a native of Louisville, Ky., is married and has a 6-year-old son. He has lived in Aspen three years. He likes to sleep until noon since he is a "night person."

He goes in for casual garb like a floppy tennis hat, heavy shoes, a plaid shirt and well-torn duck shorts, even with snow on the ground.

Thompson said he writes for various underground publications and published a book called "Hell's Angels," dealing with his experiences with a motorcycle gang. He says some of them beat him up.

Thompson at various times attended the University of Kentucky, Florida State University and Columbia.

*Index as
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born 7-18-39
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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

18 Rocky Mountain News

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Aspen sheriff candidate revels in flood of publicity



PHOTO FOR THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS BY GEORGE WILKINSON

Hunter S. Thompson, left, and his manager Paul Katzoff ponder the latest campaign poster: A red double-thumbed fist clutching — but not crushing — a green peyote button.

By PETER BLAKE

Rocky Mountain News Writer

ASPEN — It's certainly the most successful self-promotion a writer has staged since Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin tried to take over New York City on the slogan, "Vote the Rascals In."

Free-lancer Hunter S. Thompson has been reveling in national publicity ever since he launched his campaign for sheriff of Pitkin County in the Oct. 1 issue of Rolling Stone. Already reporters from the Washington Post, the New York Times, the Los Angeles Times, NBC News and the wire services have come to "gawk"—as the bemused Aspen Times puts it—at the candidate.

It's good gawking. Thompson stands about 6 feet 2, shaves his skull, and stumps the frosty streets in leather vest, boots, floppy hat and shorts.

Thompson, who is expected to be swept into office on a tide of "freak power," has a well-publicized program.

He wants to:

- Sod the streets at once, ripping up the pavement with jackhammers and using the "junksphalt" to build a parking lot out of town and out of sight;

- Change the name "Aspen" by referendum to "Fat City," in order to prevent "greedheads, land-rapers and other human jackals" from exploiting Aspen's overdeveloped image.

stocks on the courthouse lawn in order to punish "dishonest, dope dealers in a proper public fashion." To Thompson, a dishonest dealer is anyone who makes a profit on a drug transaction. "Non-profit sales will be viewed as borderline cases and judged on their merits."

- Forbid hunting and fishing to nonresidents, except for those who can get a resident's personal endorsement.

- Disarm the sheriff and his deputies. He explains that every recent urban riot "has been set off by some trigger-happy cop in a fear frenzy." To pacify the violence-prone Thompson would rely on a pistol-grip Mace-bomb.

But in recent days there have been signs that Thompson is letting his Rolling Stone image gather some moss. He has good reason to. Once the townspeople recovered from the initial shock,

they began to point out minor problems. Such as the fact that as sheriff he wouldn't be empowered to execute on those promises.

Well, Thompson explained at a recent town meeting in Snowmass-at-Fat City, he didn't mean that he intended to jackhammer the streets personally. All he wanted to do was use the influence of his office to promote a referendum on a downtown mall.

He went on to explain to the suspicious masses, many of whom had never heard a writer talk before, that there was "nothing personal" in his campaign, that he simply wanted to "change the concept" of the sheriff's office and put its "dominant power" to work.

Soothingly he said this meant improving the quality of life, helping to slow development, fighting pollution, checking on consumer fraud.

As for Freak Power, he defined a freak as "not a beast roaming the streets, but one who is spiritually disenfranchised."

Reaction to this crypto-Rotary presentation was mixed. David Bernhagen, operator of the Christmas Inn and president of

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

28 Rocky Mountain News

Date: 10-25-70
Edition: Home
Author: Peter Blake
Editor: Jack Foster
Title:

Character:
or 100-9353-13
Classification:
Submitting Office: Denver

☐ Being Investigated

66-377

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FBI - DENVER	
V. JONES	

the ~~Boys~~ Owners' Association, described Thompson as "very inarticulate. He didn't answer the questions, he talked around them." Bernhagen accused the candidate of "attempting to be extremely radical in dress and speech," using it as a gimmick to attract the younger crowd.

Tom Benton, a top local artist who happens to illustrate Thompson's exotic new sporadic, "The Aspen Wallposter," disagreed with Bernhagen's interpretation of Thompson's first public appearance. "The people were shocked," he said. "They had thought he was a freak, and expected some sort of sideshow. Instead they found a very bright guy who was serious. When somebody asked him what he thought the duties of a sheriff were, he pulled out a copy of the

Colorado Revised Statutes and started reading from them."

Furthermore, said Benton, Thompson came out foursquare against needle-injected drugs.

The first question most interviewers ask Thompson is whether he's serious. He is.

Furthermore his chances for success are good. The final Pitkin County registration figures show 920 Democrats, 1,102 Republicans and 1,661 independents. "If I could bet I'd bet myself about even," says Thompson.

Even the opposition admits to being worried. Thompson's chief rival is the incumbent Democrat, Carrol Whitmire, 39. "You can never be confident, especially in a three-way race," he says.

Whitmire, an earnest soul who wears a U.S. flag on his uniform sleeve, appeared on the Snowmass platform with Thompson.

"I know about writing citations about accidents in the middle of the night—accidents in the mountains," he assured the crowd. "I want the job badly."

The Republican candidate, former deputy Glen Ricks, refused to take part in the debate because, he said, it smacked of "a three-ring circus." So he will probably lose, because it is in fact a circus and his ring is empty.

Thompson describes both his opponents as "cookie-cutter types, gas station attendants who were given a gun."

~~He confesses that he de-~~ signed his platform to do more than simply draw attention to his own campaign. By appearing so outrageous himself, he hopes to make his running mates appear relatively moderate.

These include Ned Vare, campaigning as an independent for county commissioner, and Bill "Turkey" Noonan, the coroner candidate.

But there are those who worry that Hunter Thompson himself may be bending to the Iron Law of Politics. The ILP, of course, holds that radicals who crawl under the campaign covers with the whore-System, swearing to remain undefiled, can't resist rolling toward the other side of the bed as soon as it dawns on them they have a chance to win. They do this because they think they can pick up a few wavering conservative votes.

Those who fear Thompson is drifting toward the center can point to:

- His relatively mild stance at the Snowmass debate;

- His appearance in a coat and tie at a meeting of the Pitkin County Bar Association. Close friends claim it was the first time they'd ever seen him so attired; they didn't even know he owned a coat or tie. Incidentally, there are 20 lawyers among Aspen's 2,000 population, and no one can figure out how they all survive, unless it's by taking in each other's wills.

- His recent promise to hire an undersheriff to do the dirty work should he be elected. Thompson wants to be a free-floating ombudsman, and can't see himself sleeping in the courthouse basement surrounded by short-wave radios. A retired Los Angeles cop, "far more experienced than anyone here," has offered his services should Thompson win.

- The way Thompson has surrounded himself with image-smudgers. His campaign headquarters, on the second floor of the raspberry-lobbied Jerome Hotel, fills up every afternoon (that's when the candidate's day begins) with people who specialize in chipping, whittling, sanding and polishing.

100-9353

18218 Federal Office Building
Denver, Colorado 80202
February 3, 1971

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Mr. Paul S. Rundle
Special Agent in Charge
U. S. Secret Service
New Custom House
Denver, Colorado 80202

Re: HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

Dear Mr. Rundle:

I am enclosing a memorandum containing information concerning captioned individual.

In the event an agent from your office would desire to examine the original "Aspen Wallposter", No. 7, please feel free to view the same at this office.

Very truly yours,

SCOTT J. WERNER
Special Agent in Charge

Enclosure (1)
Registered Mail

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

(Upon removal of classified enclosures, this transmittal letter becomes UNCLASSIFIED.)

2-Addressee
1-Denver (100-9353)
VRJ:mf
(3)



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Denver, Colorado
February 3, 1971

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

On November 5, 1965, a source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, advised that Hunter Thompson of 318 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco, California, was a subscriber to the "People's World." Subsequently, Hunter Thompson changed his address from 138 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco, to Woody Creek, Colorado.

According to the 1966 San Francisco Polk's City Directory, the wife of Thompson was listed as Sandra D. Thompson.

On April 6, 1967, a second source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, advised the subscription of Hunter Thompson to the "People's World" was cancelled.

"People's World" is a west coast communist newspaper published weekly in San Francisco.

On April 6, 1967, records of the Colorado Department of Motor Vehicles, Denver, Colorado, disclosed the Colorado driver's license of Hunter Stockton Thompson indicates he was a white male, born July 18, 1937, 6'3" in height, 190 pounds, with brown hair and brown eyes.

On March 16, 1967, a third source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, reported that Hunter S. Thompson and his wife, Sandra, and son were renting a house on a ranch located about five miles east of Woody Creek in Pitkin County, Colorado. Thompson claimed to have lived with the "Hell's Angels" for about one and a half years and to have written a book about them.

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(7) *mf*
100-9353

GROUP 1
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downgrading and
declassification

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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

According to the third source, Thompson may be identical with the author of the current best seller (1967) "Hell's Angels," published by Random House.

"The Aspen Wallposter," No. 4, published June, 1970, listed as a bimonthly publication of the Meat Possum Press, Inc., Box K-3, Aspen, Colorado, listed Chairman Emeritus, John T. Tracy; Executive Editor, Lionel Olay; Editors, Tom Benton, Hunter Thompson; General Manager, Gene Johnston; Senior Corporation Counsel, John G. Clancy; and Photography, Bob Krueger.

"The Aspen Wallposter," No. 4, contained derogatory information concerning law enforcement in general and, specifically, concerning the sheriff at Aspen, Colorado.

Under the black ink near the top on the front page in red ink appeared the words "Impeach Nixon," only it appeared that a swastika had been used in place of the "x" in the word "Nixon."

The outside cover of "The Aspen Wallposter," No. 4, appeared to depict a telescopic sight centered on a human brain.

The "Rocky Mountain News," a daily newspaper published at Denver, Colorado, edition of October 18, 1970, contained an article with the caption "Aspen sheriff's job eyed by 'outlaw journalist.'" Part of the story reads as follows:

"ASPEN--Hunter S. Thompson says he's a 'foul-mouthed outlaw journalist,' but he's also deadly serious about becoming sheriff of Pitkin County and this booming ski town.

"And that's 'despite the natural horror of seeing myself as the main pig.'

"Under the apolitical slogan of 'Freak Power,' Thompson says his success depends on 'how many freaks, heads, criminals, anarchists, beatniks,

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

poachers, Wobblies, bikers and Persons of Weird Persuasion will come out of their holes and vote for me.'.....

"Tall, athletic and 35, he says Aspen not only is ready for a 'new kind of sheriff, but for a whole new style in government, the kind of thing Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he talked about Democracy.'

"'We have not done too well with that concept over the years,' he says, 'not in Aspen or anywhere else--and the proof of our failure is the wreckage of Jefferson's dream that haunts us on every side, from coast to coast, on the TV news and a thousand daily newspapers.'

"'We have blown it: That fantastic possibility that Abe Lincoln called "The last, best hope of man."'

"'This valley,' the candidate tells voters, most of whom live in town, 'is no longer a refuge or a hideout from reality.'- It was an outpost of urban culture buried in the rural Rockies, but 'for 20 years the selling orgy boomed fat and heavy,' he says.

"The community now is plagued by 'big city problems too malignant for small-town solutions, Chicago-style traffic in a town without stoplights, Oakland-style drug busts continually bungled by simple cowboy cops.....'

"Thompson, a native of Louisville, Ky., is married and has a 6-year-old son. He has lived in Aspen three years. He likes to sleep until noon since he is a 'night person.'

"He goes in for casual garb like a floppy tennis hat, heavy shoes, a plaid shirt and well-torn duck shorts, even with snow on the ground.

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

"Thompson said he writes for various underground publications and published a book called 'Hell's Angels,' dealing with his experiences with a motorcycle gang. He says some of them beat him up.

"Thompson at various times attended the University of Kentucky, Florida State University and Columbia."

An article from the "Rocky Mountain News," Denver, under date of October 25, 1970, contains a photograph of Hunter S. Thompson and his manager, Paul Katzoff, looking at a campaign poster which showed a badge with a red, double-thumbed fist clutching a green peyote button. The article contained in part the following:

"Thompson, who is expecting to be swept into office on a tide of 'freak power,' has a well-publicized program.

"He wants to:

"Sod the streets at once, ripping up the pavement with jackhammers and using the 'junkasphalt' to build a parking lot out of town and out of sight;

"Change the name 'Aspen' by referendum to 'Fat City,' in order to prevent 'greedheads, land-rapers and other human jackals' from exploiting Aspen's overdeveloped image;

"Erect stocks on the courthouse lawn in order to punish 'dishonest dope dealers in a proper public fashion.' To Thompson, a dishonest dealer is anyone who makes a profit on a drug transaction. 'Non-profit sales will be viewed as borderline cases, and judged on their merits.'

"Forbid hunting and fishing to nonresidents, except for those who can get a resident's personal endorsement.

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

"Disarm the sheriff and his deputies. He explains that every recent urban riot 'has been set off by some trigger-happy cop in a fear frenzy.' To pacify the violence-prone Thompson would rely on a pistol-grip Mace-bomb....."

"The Washington Post" newspaper, Washington, D. C., edition of October 18, 1970, contained an article captioned "Hippies May Elect Sheriff." Contained therein were the following passages:

"ASPEN, Colo.--He was a littly shaky, Hunter Thompson admitted. He had just tripped all night on mescaline and now he stood on Mill Street, ever-present beer can in his hand, sun hat covering his bald head (which he had shaved to cover the American Legion convention in Portland, Ore., for Scanlan's magazine), contemplating with a sense of disbelief the coming ordeal....."

"The Aspen Wallposter," No. 7, dated January, 1971, shows Editors as Tom Benton and Hunter Thompson. It contains a photograph of Hunter S. Thompson and comments concerning his having lost the election for sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado. It contains considerable profanity and shows a photograph of President Nixon which depicts blood running out of his mouth and onto his collar.

Following are quotations from "The Aspen Wallposter," No. 7:

"THE RAPE OF NUMBER SIX

"As usual, we owe an apology to our many loyal subscribers! Wallposter No. 5 - the Peyote-fist campaign issue - should actually have been number Six. But the original No. 5 (see cover, above) proved to be absolutely unprintable - not only in Aspen, but everywhere else in this country. After two months of haggling with printers in Boulder, San Francisco, Secaucus and the Antelope Valley, we

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

finally arranged a contract with a printing firm in Montreal. This desperate move cost us massively - not only for the initial 10,000 issue press run, but also for hundreds of long-distance phone calls and two months of heavy travel expenses for the editors.

"Then, when the bastard was finally printed, the whole press run was seized by hired thugs who claimed to be agents of the Royal Canadian Mounties. They also claimed to represent the FBI - in some hazy, ex-officio capacity - but in any case all six were well-armed, and we offered no resistance when they heisted the whole bundle off the loading dock at the printing plant in Montreal. A week or so later after filing a lawsuit and three criminal complaints against the Trudeau combine, we were told that the seizure had in fact been the work of 'freelance' FBI agents, hired by Bebe Rebozo - Richard Nixon's good friend and long-time houseboat partner.

"At that point we abandoned all hope....and moved our star-crossed printing operation back to Aspen. Thus, the Peyote-Fist issue became No. 5 and the doomed Nixon-portrait and pre-campaign analysis issue was slugged into history as 'Lost Cause No. 6.' The cover portrait eventually appeared as a Wallposter advertisement in the Fall, 1970 issue of Scanlan's magazine, which was also seized by the Mounties....."

"The Aspen Wallposter," No. 7, has a heading "Treacherous Drug Dealers" and states:

"To that end, and with the idea of performing a service to the whole community, the Wallposter will henceforth publish the names of any and all persons who attempt to make money in Aspen by means of dishonest drug dealings....."

The publication indicates that any persons who misrepresent their products in any way, and especially for reason

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

of profit, will be subject to public exposure. It indicates the editors of the Wallposter will carefully investigate all complaints against any person accused of selling drugs dishonestly and if they find the complaints to be justified, the offender's name will be published.

The following is a quotation from "The Aspen Wallposter," No. 7:

"The point, after all, is not to hassle careless drug-sellers, but to expose the handful of rotten bastards who sell things like Grass full of oregano & alfalfa, 'organic mescaline' cut with nutmeg, 'Acid' laced with speed, arsenic and strychnine, or 'Hash' made of Kansas marijuana/mush mixed with powdered Bennies and molasses. Any question of 'illegality' in these sales is completely beside our point. That is a problem for the local law enforcement officials to grapple with - in their own special style & with their own atavistic finesse. Our concern is entirely beyond the clumsy, archaic laws that pretend to relate to the local drug culture; We will focus only on complaints involving proven Consumer Fraud....."

On January 26, 1971, Agent Stanley Belitz, U. S. Secret Service office, Denver, Colorado, was advised of "The Aspen Wallposter", No. 7, and its photograph of the President.

On January 25, 1971, Sheriff Carrol Whitmire, Aspen, Colorado, advised that Hunter Stockton Thompson has been in the Aspen area for approximately six years. He apparently is employed as a free-lance writer and is an editor of "The Aspen Wallposter."

Sheriff Whitmire advised his office has no arrest record concerning Thompson but he is believed to be a user of narcotics and dangerous drugs.

Sheriff Whitmire advised that since the recent election when he (Whitmire) successfully defeated Hunter

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HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON

Thompson as a candidate for sheriff of Pitkin County, an investigation was conducted in an effort to discredit Whitmire.

Sheriff Whitmire advised that his former wife was contacted by Court Freeman with the "Rocky Mountain News" in Denver who told her he was investigating Sheriff Whitmire because he was alleged to have two prior felony convictions, according to Hunter Thompson.

Sheriff Whitmire stated he (Whitmire) did not have any felony convictions.

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Director, FBI

Feb. 3, 1971

SAC, Denver (100-9353) (C)

CHANGED
~~HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON, aka~~
~~Hunter Thompson~~
SM - MISCELLANEOUS
(OO: Denver)

The title is being marked "Changed" to set forth the full name of the subject as HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON. It was formerly carried as HUNTER THOMPSON.

Re Bureau 0-1 dated 1/8/71.

Enclosed for the Bureau are five copies of an LHM captioned as above and one copy of "The Aspen Wallposter," No. 7.

Copy of LHM furnished Secret Service, Denver.

Because of the size of "The Aspen Wallposter," Nos. 4 and 7, a letter was sent to Secret Service, Denver, inviting them to the office to examine them, if they desired.

Sources utilized in LHM are identified as follows:

Source 1: FOIA(b)7 - (D)

Source 2: FOIA(b)7 - (D)

Source 3: FOIA(b)7 - (D)

Woody Creek, Colorado (by request)

LHM classified "Confidential" since data reported from sources 1 and 2 could reasonably result in identification of confidential informants of continuing value and compromise the effectiveness thereof which could adversely affect the national defense.

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2 - Bureau (Encls 6) (RM)

1 - Denver

VRJ:mf

(3)

DN 100-9353

The Denver Division plans no further active investigation in this matter at this time and is placing case in a closed status.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC (100-9353)

DATE: 3/17/71

FROM : ASAC MORLEY

SUBJECT: HUNTER STOCKTON THOMPSON, aka
SM - MISCELLANEOUS

Attached is an anonymous letter which was received by GLEN RICKS, Aspen, Colorado, and was forwarded to this office by SA JONES who received it from RICKS.

Letter contains information concerning THOMPSON which may be of value in the future. The envelope which contained the letter was postmarked in Aspen but did not contain a return address.

Consolidated
21 August 1979
Rm

100-9353-18

SEARCHED
SERIALIZED
MAR 17 1971

[Signature]

1 - Denver
JFM:jt
(1)



5010-108-01

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

Louisville, Ky
Oct. 19, 1970

Dear Mr. Ricks:

I think but do not know that Hunter Thompson has a police record in Louisville. He was the bad boy of our neighborhood when he was high school and college age. It would probably have been around 1954 -, 1955 - 6 or 7. At that time, he lived on Ransdell Ave.

I would sign my name but am afraid I might be sued. I am interested in good government.

